

TERRY NATION'S

DALEK

ANNUAL 1977



Authorised edition
as seen on

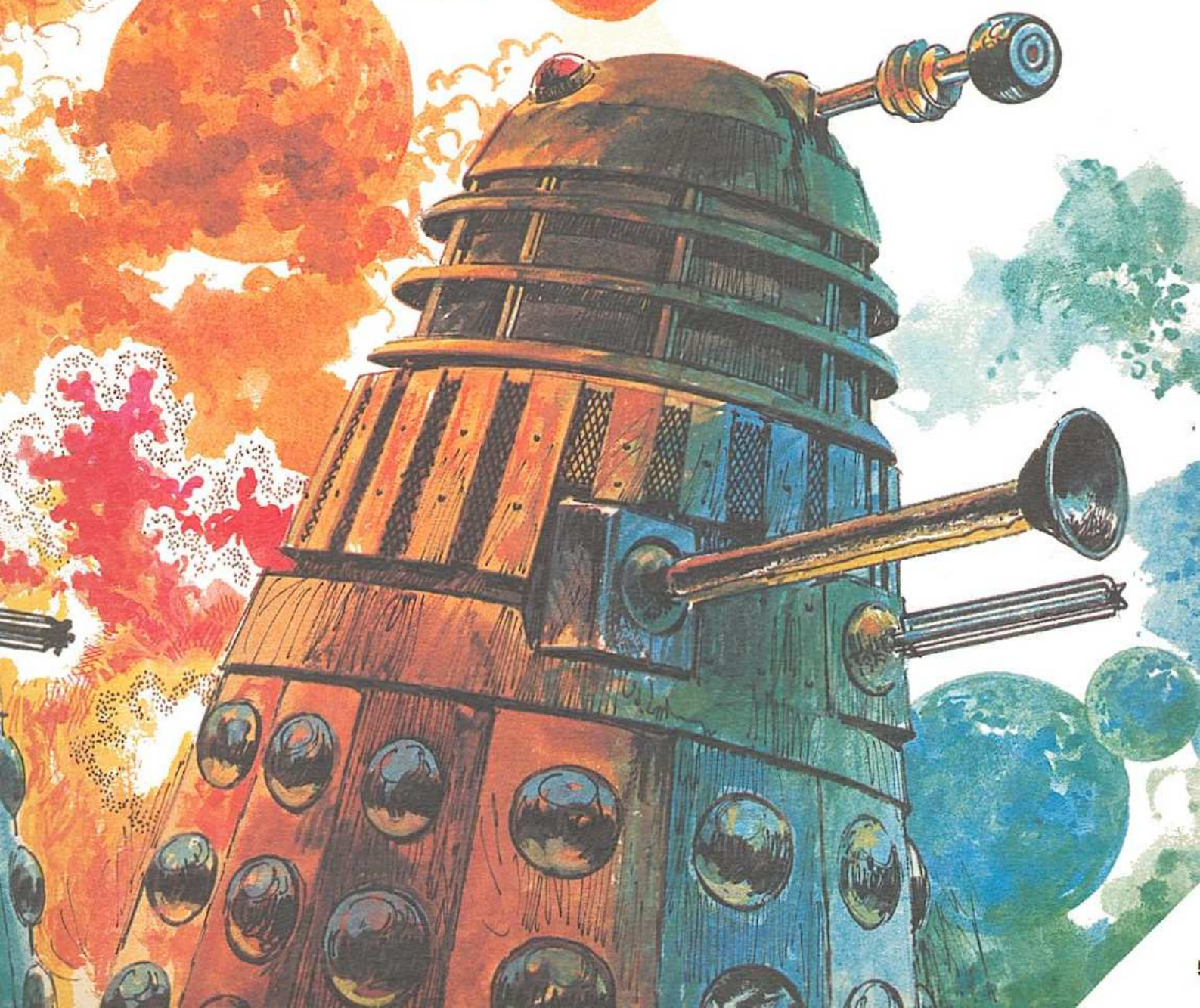
BBC tv



TERRY NATION'S

DALEK

ANNUAL 1977



Contents

Stories

The Doomsday Machine	5
Report From an Unknown Planet	22
The Fugitive	49

Picture Stories

The Envoys of Evil	33
The Menace of the Monstrons	43
The Quest	67

Features

Escape From Skaro!	14
T.A.P.	16
Special Report	17
The Dark Side of Skaro	20

Fantastic! Astonishing! Incredible!	
Amazing!	30
Identification Parade	32
Timepassers	41
Startrack	57
Science Fiction Questions	58
The Time Computer	59
The Monsters of Inner Space	60
Space Word Special	62
Survival	63
Anti-Dalek Force Aptitude Tests	64
Hidden Space Names	66
The Calorian Stone	75
The Greatest Computer of All	77
Science Fiction – Science Fact	78

Copyright © MCMLXXVI by Terry Nation,
as seen in the BBC TV series "Doctor Who".

All rights reserved throughout the world.

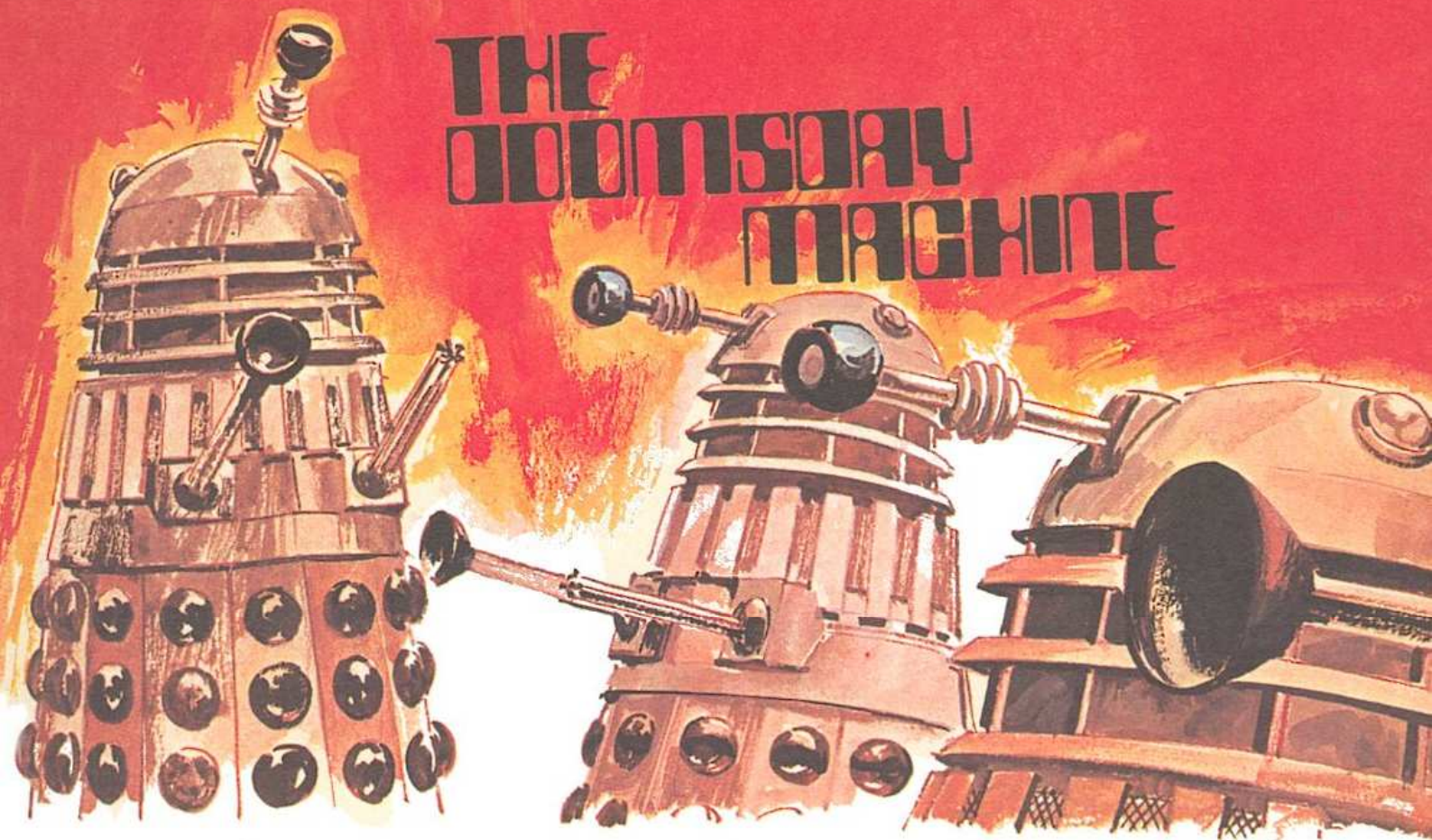
Published in Great Britain by
World Distributors (Manchester) Limited,
P.O. Box 111, 12 Lever Street, Manchester, M60 1TS,
by arrangement with the
British Broadcasting Corporation.

Printed in Spain.

SBN 7235 0384 2



THE DOOMSDAY MACHINE



The vast assembly hall of the United Planets' Parliament was filled with delegates from all over the galaxy. They listened in respectful silence to the voice of Cal Tarrant, the galactic President.

"Since its formation only one year ago, the Anti-Dalek-Force has brought us greater peace and security than we have ever known. The tide of battle against the Daleks has turned. We are driving them back, recapturing old territories! No longer are we on the defensive. It is the Daleks who are in retreat. We are winning!!!"

There was a roar of approval from the assembly as they rose to their feet and applauded. Waiting for the clapping to subside, President Tarrant turned and beamed at the dignitaries who were seated near him on the high platform. He had a special smile for Space Major Joel Shaw. It was to honour him that this special congress had been called: to award him the government's most distinguished honour, the Space Cross.

Tarrant turned back to his audience. "Our success is due largely to the courage and determination of one man. Under his command the ADF has struck and struck again at the very heart of the Dalek war machine. He has led his elite fighting corps against impossible odds and proved that even the might of the Daleks can be overcome!"

Through his nervousness Shaw hardly heard

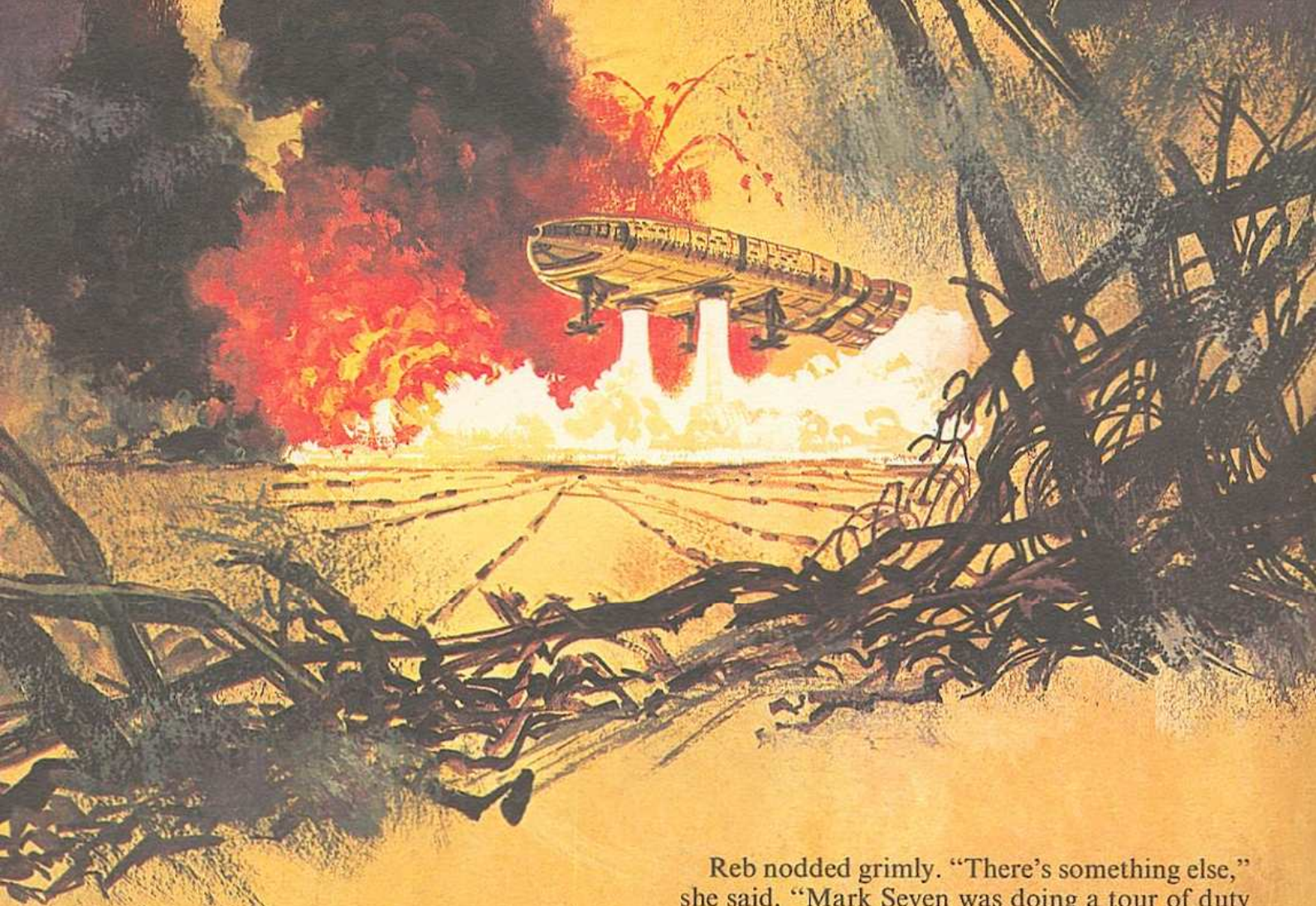
the words. He knew that in a few minutes he would have to get to his feet and make a speech of thanks. Even worse he would have to contradict the President. Certainly the ADF had won some impressive victories, but the Daleks were anything but a spent force, and were far from being beaten.

Shaw became aware of a slight disturbance behind the row of chairs on which he was seated. An ADF aide, trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible, was edging along towards Shaw. He reached him and knelt beside his chair. He whispered something.

Tarrant began to wind up his speech. He said, "Members of this assembly, join with me now in paying tribute to the man who has made our great victories possible, Space Major Joel Shaw."

The applause and cheering were deafening. President Tarrant turned and gestured towards Shaw's chair. The chair was empty. Shaw was gone.

In the ADF operations room a group of senior officers looked tense and nervous. Reb Shavron, the Martian girl who was Shaw's second in command, stood near the massive communications receiver scanning the print-outs as they rattled from the machine. She shook her head and said to no one in particular: "It's impossible. I can't believe it. I just can't believe it."



Keeping her voice as calm as possible, Reb said, "The ADF base on the planet Emmeron has been attacked by a Dalek force. We have confirmed reports that all our installations have been totally destroyed. Our entire force has been wiped out. There are no survivors."

Shaw felt a chill of fear grip his body. He said quietly: "Emmeron is our strongest and best defended base. We have more men and fighting machines there than any other place in the galaxy. It's impossible!"

Reb nodded. "Impossible, but it's true."

Shaw was eager to study the reports for himself, but he knew there would be time for that later. Instead, he said: "Have a Chaser rocket on the launch pad in twenty minutes."

The Chaser rocket blasted into the sky and switched on to a course for Emmeron. Reb took command of the ship to give Shaw time to read the Intelligence Reports.

When he had finished, he moved across to her. "There's only one way the Daleks could have destroyed our base. They must be employing some new weapon. Something so powerful, so devastating that even our strongest force can't stand up to it."

Reb nodded grimly. "There's something else," she said. "Mark Seven was doing a tour of duty on Emmeron."

Mark Seven was joint second in command under Shaw. He was also Shaw's friend. That there were no survivors on Emmeron meant that he too had perished.

After twelve space hours at maximum speed the Chaser eased into the atmosphere of Emmeron. As they slowed for landing above the base they saw the scale of destruction.

Nothing was left standing. Fires were still burning among the fortified buildings. Charred hulks of space cruisers littered the launch pads. A whole squadron of interceptor rockets had been destroyed before they could even get into the air. Off to one side of the complex the arsenal was still blazing and the roar of detonating explosives punctuated the deathly silence that wrapped the base.

"I don't understand it," said Shaw for the tenth time. "None of our rockets got off the ground. None of our missiles were fired. We don't appear to have put up any defence at all!"

"There's something even stranger," said Reb slowly. "Where are the bodies?"

Shaw had no answer for her. There had been a force of three hundred on the base. Now there was no one.

A crew member advanced and saluted. He looked pale and nervous. "We've found something, sir. I think you'd better come."

Shaw and Reb followed him back through the smoke. They picked their way over some rubble and moved cautiously down some broken steps into what had been a command point. The shattered instruments and gaping holes in the armoured roof testified to the effectiveness of the Dalek attack. Other members of the crew were waiting for Shaw. One of them pointed to a dark corner on the floor.

Shaw moved to the corner and strained his eyes against the darkness. Then he saw it. Lying on the ground was a tiny doll. It was about five inches high and dressed in the uniform of the ADF. A toy soldier. Shaw picked it up and looked at it. As it lay on the palm of his hand he felt a prickle of terror lift the hair on the back of his neck. This was no doll. It was flesh and blood. A human being, but shrunk to this minute size. The tiny creature was dead, but showed no sign of any wound.

Shaw marvelled at the perfection of the miniaturised man: perfect in every detail, but reduced to a fraction of normal human size.

"Get the doctor over here right away," Shaw snapped.

While the doctor was making his examination, a painstaking search was instigated and several more of the tiny bodies were found.

It was during this search that they located the lifeless form of Mark Seven. The humanoid robot was half buried in fallen masonry.

Shaw felt a wave of gratitude to see that his friend was normal sized.

The robotics engineers carried out a quick check and reported that Mark was simply deactivated and that he could be restored to 'life' as soon as his energy cells could be recharged. As far as they could tell his memory banks were unimpaired.

They set to work on Mark, super-boosting his power units and replacing various parts of him that had been damaged by the tons of concrete under which he had been buried. The chief engineer calculated it would take at least an hour before Mark was fully operational again.

Shaw and Reb went back to the command point to hear the doctor's report.

"I can't tell you how it was done," he said, shaking his head in bewilderment. "All I know is that every man on this base was subjected to some sort of intense radiation. The bodies are

still highly radio-active."

Shaw thought for a moment, then said, "I want the bodies shipped back to Earth for a full autopsy. Every fragment of information is going to be vital to us if we are to find a way to beat this new weapon."

Later that day Mark was sufficiently recovered to be able to tell his story of the attack.

"It was the night before last," he said. "Our defence scopes picked up an unidentified space craft. We went on to full alert. Missiles were primed and we were ready to blast it out of the sky if it moved in any closer. But instead, it just seemed to hover in space.

"By morning every man on the base was complaining about aches and pains. Not bad enough to stop anybody working, but just uncomfortable. One man described it by saying that he felt he was being crushed in the hand of some invisible giant.

"Then it came, all of a rush. I spotted it first. You remember Dal Remlon? He was by far the tallest man on the base. Head and shoulders bigger than me. I suddenly realised I was taller than him.

"Then it dawned on me. Everybody was shrinking in size. The process seemed to accelerate. They were growing smaller before my very eyes.



"By that time there was a panic. They were already too small to be able to operate any of the equipment. They weren't able to reach switches. They could not even walk up and down steps. Just an ordinary stairway became like a range of mountains, the scale of everything changed. There was no way they could lift a hand gun. They couldn't even get up on to the control panels, never mind pressing the missile firing buttons. We were as defenceless as an army of mice.

"I was unaffected because I am not built from human tissue, but there was nothing I could do alone. We were totally helpless.

"Then the Daleks came in. With no opposition, they landed their ships and took their time to move around the base, destroying everything. I was in the communications centre trying to get a message to you when the whole building was blasted into rubble. But before I was de-activated I did get a glimpse of their weapon."

The humanoid robot continued in his flat, unemotional voice. "It's large, about as big as a tall block of flats. There were gigantic convex lenses all over it. Imagine a huge space rocket with glass domes running from top to bottom on every side, and you get a picture of it. From every one of those domes came a flickering ray of light, so intense that it was almost blinding. I only had a few seconds to see it because shortly after that my systems failed to operate."

Every scrap of information about the Dalek attack on Emmeron was radioed back to headquarters. The United Planets' Intelligence Section co-related facts and rumours from every corner of the Universe. Armies of scientists put together probabilities and possibilities. Massive computers were worked overtime to try to get a cohesive analysis of all this knowledge.

The final report was radioed to Joel Shaw, who had already set out on a course that would take his ship to Skaro.

In brief the report stated that it was highly unlikely that the Daleks had more than one Doomsday machine. Satellite photographs of Skaro showed what appeared to be deep mining activity north of the city. It was now presumed that this digging had been an excavation to build a massive underground hangar for the machine. Medical opinion, supported by scientific tests, suggested that the shrinking effects were not permanent, and that had the miniaturised men lived through the attack, they would have reverted to normal size without any serious after-effects.

The report ended with the most chilling pre-

diction. It was the opinion of the computer that Earth would be the next target. The computer also concluded that if this were the case, there was no possible defence against the Daleks. They would undoubtedly conquer Earth.

Shaw added his own prediction. "If we don't destroy this machine within the next twenty-four hours, the United Planets will be totally helpless. An all-out attack on Skaro is impossible. It's too well defended. Our only hope is a fast strike made by a couple of people. I shall be one of them."

Almost before he had finished speaking Reb said, "And I shall be the other."

Mark took command of the ship while Shaw and Reb were strapped into the tiny 'M' capsules. 'M' capsules were a method of landing undetected on a planet. From far out in space a rocket would fire the capsules. Enemy early warning systems would recognise them only as a shower of meteorites. The high impact proof capsules would protect the passengers on landing. Their great disadvantage was that they were strictly one-way. They could not provide a return journey.

Mark felt the ship shudder as the 'M' capsules were fired. He watched them on his big scanner screen as they sped toward Skaro, growing smaller and smaller until they were finally lost to sight.

The capsules hit Skaro at the precisely planned point, burying themselves in the sandy soil.

Unharméd, Reb and Joel Shaw clawed their way out to the surface. Cautiously they started out to the place that had been pinpointed by the satellite photographs. After a few miles they saw the mountains of sub-soil that had been excavated to make the underground hangar. Beyond were the security and control buildings.

Reb pointed to a small concrete box standing just above the surface of the ground a few yards from where they lay. One side of the box was open, covered by a heavy metal mesh. They slithered across towards it. A blast of stale-smelling, warm air blew through the mesh onto their faces.

"It's some sort of ventilation shaft," Reb said.

Shaw took the tiny laser-cutter from his belt and ran its beam over the mesh. It dissolved into molten metal in seconds. The way cleared, he peered down into the dark shaft. It went vertically downwards for thousands of feet.

Reb nodded uneasily. She had never been very good at heights and the prospect of lowering down the dizzying shaft made her shudder. None the less she took the spool of lifeline from her pocket. No bigger than a cotton reel it contained over

two thousand yards of cobweb thin line that had a breaking strain of over fifty tons.

Shaw lashed the line around the concrete then, satisfied it was secure, began to lower himself into the darkness. Reb took a deep breath and followed. Sliding down the line seemed to take an eternity. Her arms and shoulders ached until she felt she could hold on no longer.

Then she heard Shaw's echoing whisper announce, "We're on the bottom."

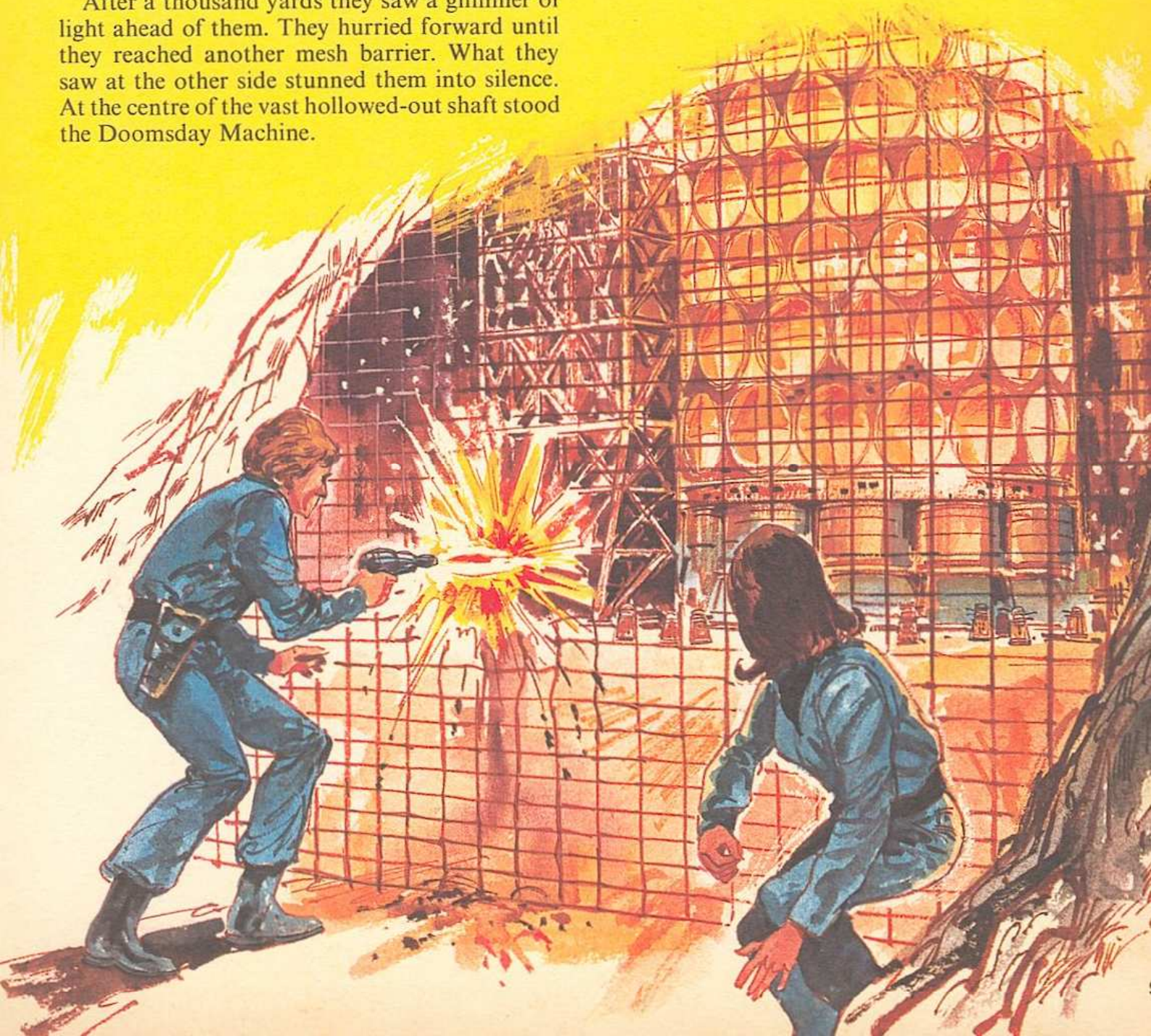
She stood beside Shaw while he carefully switched on his flashlight, shielding the beam with his hand. A down-sloping shaft ran off to one side. The updraught of air was very strong now and they could hear the sound of the powerful extractor fans.

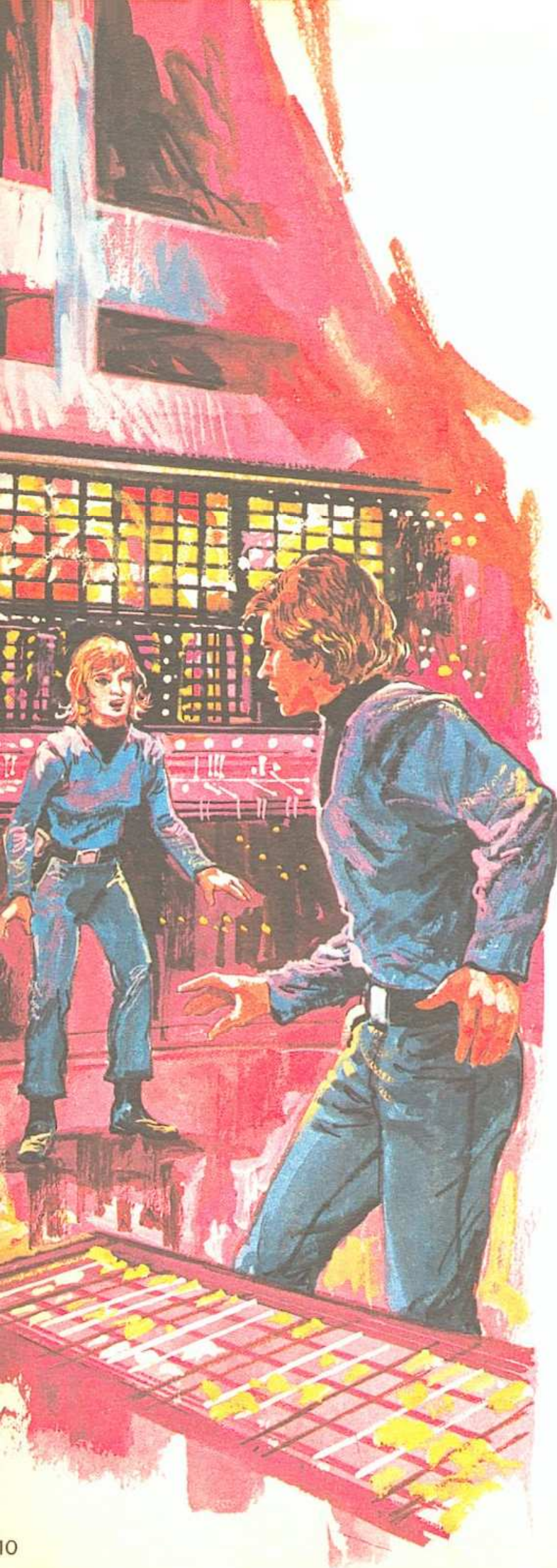
"We're getting close," he said and led the way down the low tunnel, crawling on hands and knees.

After a thousand yards they saw a glimmer of light ahead of them. They hurried forward until they reached another mesh barrier. What they saw at the other side stunned them into silence. At the centre of the vast hollowed-out shaft stood the Doomsday Machine.

Mark had not exaggerated its size. It seemed to tower upwards like a skyscraper. The metal and glass domes along its surface glittered like diamonds in the brightly lit area. They could not help feeling a reluctant admiration for the engineering skill of the Daleks that had built this incredible machine. The sophisticated technology was far in advance of anything that could be produced by the United Planets.

Groups of Daleks were gliding around the base of the huge rocket, servicing and checking the machine. Shaw judged that they were far enough away and too busily occupied to notice him using his laser-cutter. But he had hardly begun to work when there was a heart-stopping shriek from a siren. The wailing sound echoed and amplified around the great chamber and Shaw was certain that they had been discovered.





Then, to his relief, he realised that the siren was a signal to the Dalek working parties. The sinister machine creatures completed the tasks they were doing, then glided across to a ramp and moved out of sight. Within a few minutes there were no Daleks left in the area. A huge metal door slid across the ramp, sealing off the chamber.

"This is our chance," Shaw said. He cut quickly through the rest of the mesh and crawled out of the floor level shaft. Moving swiftly and silently the couple raced across to the base of the rocket. Standing beside it, the machine seemed even larger.

Shaw gave it a quick appraising glance. "It's obviously a remotely controlled vehicle. It doesn't carry any crew; very heavily armoured too. If we plant our explosives out here we wouldn't do more than scratch the thing. We have to get inside." He pointed to an open hatchway.

The interior of the rocket was a maze of ramps and mechanical lifts. Apart from the space left to give service access, every inch of the machine was packed with machinery and instruments.

After a swift but painstaking search, Shaw located the control centre. Here were the switches and relays for the miniaturising rays, the guidance system and many other functions. They wasted no time in starting to plant the explosives and setting fuses with a thirty minute delay.

There was a sudden click and hum of machinery. A digital counter started to tick off the minutes. Banks of lights glowed and flickered.

Reb gave a gasp as she realised what was happening. "They're getting ready to launch," she yelled at Shaw. "We've got to get out of here!"

Shaw took another second to plant the last of his explosives, then together they ran for the hatch. It slid shut ahead of them. Using all his strength, Shaw tried to force it open, but the heavy armoured plating stayed firmly in place. From their earlier search they knew there was no other exit.

All around them machinery was coming to life as the countdown continued.

Shaw was standing beside one of the heavy metal pipes that carried the exhaust fumes from the rocket motors. He drummed his fingers against it nervously. Then he suddenly had an idea. He tossed his laser cutter to Reb and pointed to the six-inch pipe. "Cut a hole in this," he said.

Reb started to work on the pipe. She wished the cutter could burn through the hatch cover, but it would be almost useless against the thick armour plating. As she completed cutting a hole in the pipe, Shaw found the switches he wanted.



He called across to her. "Reb, there is a way out of this, but it's dangerous. I'm going to switch on the miniaturising equipment. Being so close to the source it will probably affect us very quickly. If we can become small enough to get into that pipe we can get out of the rocket. Maybe even back to the airshaft."

Fear made Reb's throat dry. She said, "But we don't know for certain that we can ever get back to normal size. The scientists were only guessing when they said the effect might not be long lasting."

"Then you'd better hope they guessed right."

Instantly they both felt a violent pressure crushing in all around them. Their bodies tingled with vibration. The whole area was bathed in an intense flickering blue-white light. Reb was aware that everything around her appeared to be growing larger. She glanced at Shaw. He was already several inches smaller. She noticed that the laser cutter she still held was getting bigger. That her hand could not now quite close around the grip. They were both shrinking . . . shrinking at a speed that astonished her.

"Climb onto the pipe!" Shaw yelled as he raced towards her.

When she had cut the hole in the pipe she had

needed to stoop down to work on it. Now it was already above her head. Becoming smaller every second she scrambled on to the pipe. Moments later Shaw swung himself up beside her. The aching pressure had gone now and they both felt perfectly normal, even though they were still shrinking.

Reb forgot her fear and marvelled at the experience. Ordinary things took on new dimensions. The head of a screw, a nut and bolt, became gigantic as the scale changed. The very pipe they were sitting on became as broad as a motorway. The rest of the rocket, which had appeared vast even when they had been normal size, seemed to stretch away to infinity.

Shaw gave her no more time to wonder. He slipped his legs into the hole Reb had cut. Still a little too large, he had to squeeze into the space. By the time Reb began to follow the shrinking had become more marked and her progress was easy.

Shaw scrambled on his hands and knees along the sooted inside of the pipe. It twisted and turned in serpentine shapes. He was panting with effort as he felt the pipe begin to slope downward. At first the slope was quite gentle but it quickly became steeper.

Shaw began to slide. The smooth metal provided nothing on which to get a grip and he was unable to slow his speed. He felt like a bullet travelling down the barrel of a rifle. Then the angle of the pipe changed again and he felt himself slowing a little. A moment later he was out of the pipe and falling. He hit the concrete floor with a heavy, bruising impact. Reb followed, almost landing on top of him. They picked themselves up and stared around.

The floor on which they stood seemed like a vast concrete ocean. The walls seemed a thousand miles away. They began to run. The journey that at normal size had taken them only a hundred long paces now seemed endless.

The couple paused. Shaw looked back at the rocket, which appeared as big as a city. Whisps of smoke were beginning to appear around its base as the warming motors turned the cooling fluids to gas.

Shaw realised that the countdown to launch must be more than halfway complete. He pulled Reb to her feet and they started to run again.

They hurried along the shaft that now seemed as spacious as a cathedral. The air flow at their backs was growing stronger as the rocket began to expel the exhausts from starter motors. At their normal size it would have been little more than a breeze, but in their miniature state it became almost gale force. Shaw pushed Reb ahead of him, calling encouragement to her. He tried to sound cheerful, but secretly he knew that they had no chance. To climb that shaft on the lifeline would be impossible. They would never have the strength. He knew too that when the rocket's main motors were fired the scorching exhaust fumes would sweep down the shaft and roast them alive.

They reached the bottom of the vertical shaft. Behind them they heard the growing roar of the rocket's primary motors starting up. The hot blast of the exhaust fumes swept up the tunnel like a hurricane, and they had difficulty in keeping their feet. Tiny splinters of metal, dust and debris hurtled past them in the powerful blast. A piece of thin plastic material as big as a large handkerchief swept along and caught against them. They struggled free of it and it caught on a projection and was held there by the force of the wind.

Reb touched the safety line that trailed away above them. She shook her head. Climbing it now was impossible. The exit seemed as far away as the moon from Earth.

"We'll never make it," she said despairingly.

Shaw knew she was right. They were finished.

He pulled her into a corner that was slightly sheltered from the blast. The fumes were already growing hotter as the rocket's engine built up to the ignition temperature. He watched hopelessly as a large metal shaving was carried spiralling upwards on the hot air.

Then he had the idea! He dashed forward to where the piece of plastic was still clinging to the wall. Like a seaman fighting a sail in a high wind he bundled it into a ball. Reb stared at him as if he had gone crazy.

"Come on," he shouted, "Help me. Take two of the corners of this thing!"

Reb did as she was told and was almost jerked off her feet by the huge flapping sheet. Shaw took the other two corners and brought them towards Reb. The sheet ballooned out, filling with hot air.

Shaw quickly knotted the corners. "Hang on tight," he said. "We're going up!"

Even as he spoke, Reb felt herself lifted off the ground. Above them the canopy billowed and swelled, the fast rising stream of air floating it higher and higher. The walls of the shaft raced by at express train speed. It would only be minutes before they reached the top.

Then, suddenly, it was over. They were blown out of the shaft and onto open ground. They rolled over and over on the muddy ground. When finally they were able to pull themselves together they found themselves amongst mighty boulders and deep canyons; things that at their normal size would be pebbles and ruts. What seemed a long distance away was a blaze of light coming from beneath the ground. The covers over the subterranean rocket base had been drawn back. They could hear the growing shriek of the mighty engines as they built up thrust for blast-off.

"Dig, Reb! We've got to get under cover. The blast will crush us!"

Like tiny burrowing animals they scooped out a hole in the soil. As they crouched in its shelter they saw the nose cone of the vast rocket slowly lift from the silo. It was an awe inspiring sight as it clawed its way into the air. It glowed with light and fire as it gained speed. The couple felt their hair singe as a wave of burning exhaust gases swept across them.

The sound of the explosion echoed back down to the ground. For a moment the rocket appeared to stand still, then slowly it started to topple. As it fell it broke into two sections. They

came crashing down like mighty bombs, falling directly back on to the launch site and the control buildings. The millions of tons of rocket fuel spilled across the area, turning the landscape into a blazing inferno. Vast explosions made the ground tremble like an earthquake.

The hundreds of Daleks that serviced the Doomsday Machine were caught in the maelstrom of destruction: charred to cinder or blown to pieces.

At dawn the fires were still burning. Reb and Shaw gazed around the desolated area. They were the only living things left.

Reb was puzzled by something. The fox-hole in which she was sheltering didn't seem so deep. Then she realised. "We're growing!" she shouted delightedly. "We're getting bigger!"

Hearing the whine of an engine, they looked up. The ADF Chaser Rocket was gliding in to a landing.

Shaw grinned. "Good old Mark. Right on time. Let's not keep him waiting. This place is going to be swarming with Daleks in another hour."



Escape from Skaro!

A RACE TO FREEDOM

Prisoners held in the Dalek Detention Block have been condemned to death. They know that waiting outside the Dalek City is an ADF rescue ship, if only they can reach it. The prisoners battle their way through the city, each competing with the other because the ship can carry only one passenger. Whoever reaches it first is the survivor!

HOW TO PLAY:

Any number of players can join in. You need counters and one dice. You move one square for each point scored with the dice. Each named section counts as one square. If you land on a named section, check the 'Penalty-Advantage Scale' for instructions.

PENALTY-ADVANTAGE SCALE

INTERROGATION CENTRE: Unseen by guards. Advance to square 6.

SHOCK TREATMENT CHAMBER: You are forced to hide. Miss one turn.

GUARD ROOM: Daleks taken by surprise. Advance to square 14.

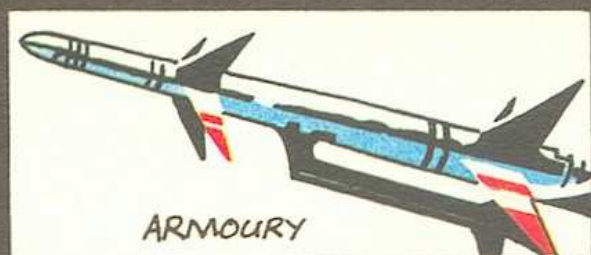
SCANNER CONTROL ROOM: You have been seen. You must throw a 4 to escape. Then move to square 17.

LABORATORY BLOCK: Invisible rays drive you back to square 8.

SPACE DEFENCE CONTROL: Pinned down by heavy fire. Miss one turn.

DALEK SUPREME COMMAND AREA: Massive search by Daleks. Do not move until you throw a 6. Then proceed to square 21.

INVASION PLANNING SECTION: There is a power failure. In the darkness you can advance to square 26.



23

24

INVASION
PLANNING
SECTION

25



22

21

DALEK

SHOCK TREATMENT
CHAMBER.

5

6

7

8

9

GUARD
ROOM

10

11

12

13

14

4

3

2

DETENTION
BLOCK

1

INTERROGATION
CENTRE



start



27

SPACECRAFT
TRACKING
BLOCK



28

REPAIR WORKSHOP



PREMIER COMMAND
AREA



20

SCANNER
CONTROL
ROOM

LABORATORY
BLOCK



16

17

18

19

SPACE DEFENCE CONTROL

CITY
DEFENCE
CENTRE



29

DALEK
ASSEMBLY
BLOCK



ARMOURY: Unguarded. You get another throw.

REPAIR WORKSHOPS: Patrol drives you back to square 20.

MISSILE CONTROL CENTRE: Dalek guards overpowered. Double the number you have thrown and move on.

SPACECRAFT TRACKING BLOCK: Dalek ambush. Wait until your next turn. Then go *back* that number of moves.

CITY DEFENCE CENTRE: Daleks in confusion. Advance to square 31.

DALEK ASSEMBLY AREA: Desperate dash for safety. Move on to square 32.

CITY ENTRANCE & MAIN DALEK DEFENCE FORCE: Enormous opposition. On each turn you must throw the dice twice. When the two numbers total 9 you move directly to the rescue craft.

SQUARE 33: You are cornered until you can throw a 1.

CITY ENTRANCE AND
MAIN DALEK DEFENCE
FORCE



32

33

ADF RESCUE SHIP
WAITING TO BLAST OFF

31

30

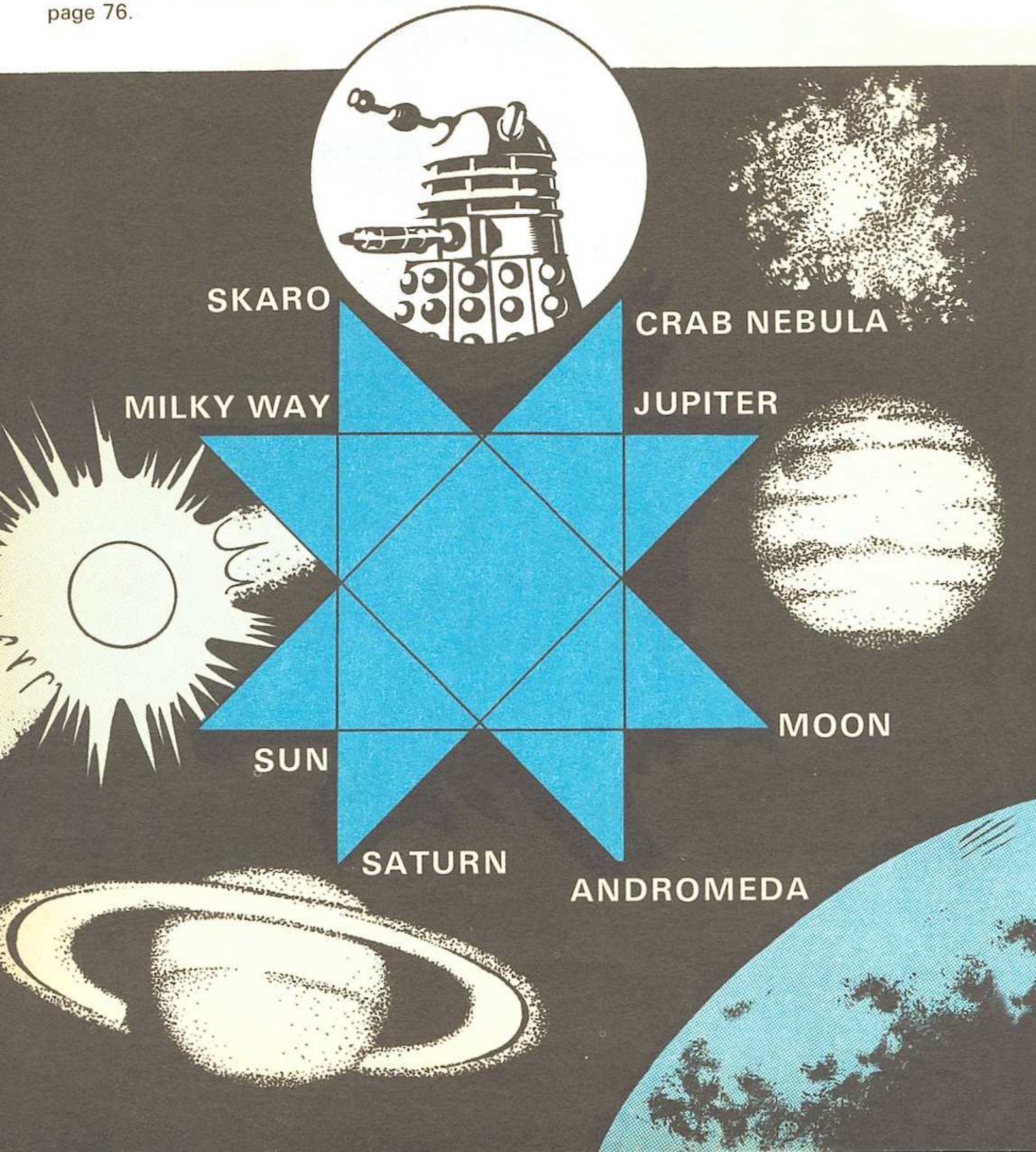


T.A.P.

T.A.P. is short for **TRANSPLANETARY AIM PREDICTION**

Ask a friend to look at the star chart below and select from it the part of the Galaxy he would most like to visit, but he must keep his destination secret. You then simply tap the chart with a pencil. When the traveller shouts stop, he will be amazed to discover that your pencil is resting on the place that he has secretly chosen!

To learn the secret of T.A.P. travel, turn to page 76.



SPECIAL REPORT

From: Space Major Joel Shaw, Supreme Commander ADF.

To: President Cal Tarrant, Leader of the United Planets' Parliament.

Report rating: Maximum priority/Top secret/For your eyes only.

Subject: Secret meeting on Skaro with Daleks and the representatives of the outer planets.

confidential

Earlier this month ADF Intelligence reported a considerable increase of spacecraft traffic into Skaro. The origin of the in-coming spacecraft was unknown, but it was established that the ships were not of Dalek design. I considered it vital that we should know who was entering Skaro, and the reason for their visit.

ADF agent Lom Ilano volunteered for the mission to try and penetrate the Dalek city. He was landed safely on Skaro in an 'M' capsule. Three days later he reported that he had penetrated the conference area in the heart of the Dalek city. Using special equipment he was able to transmit one Visiograph. We then lost contact and it must be presumed that agent Ilano was discovered and exterminated.

After much research most of the figures in the Visiograph have been identified. (The Visiograph accompanies this report). The high rank and political status of the visitors to Skaro can only be interpreted if we conclude that this was a summit meeting.

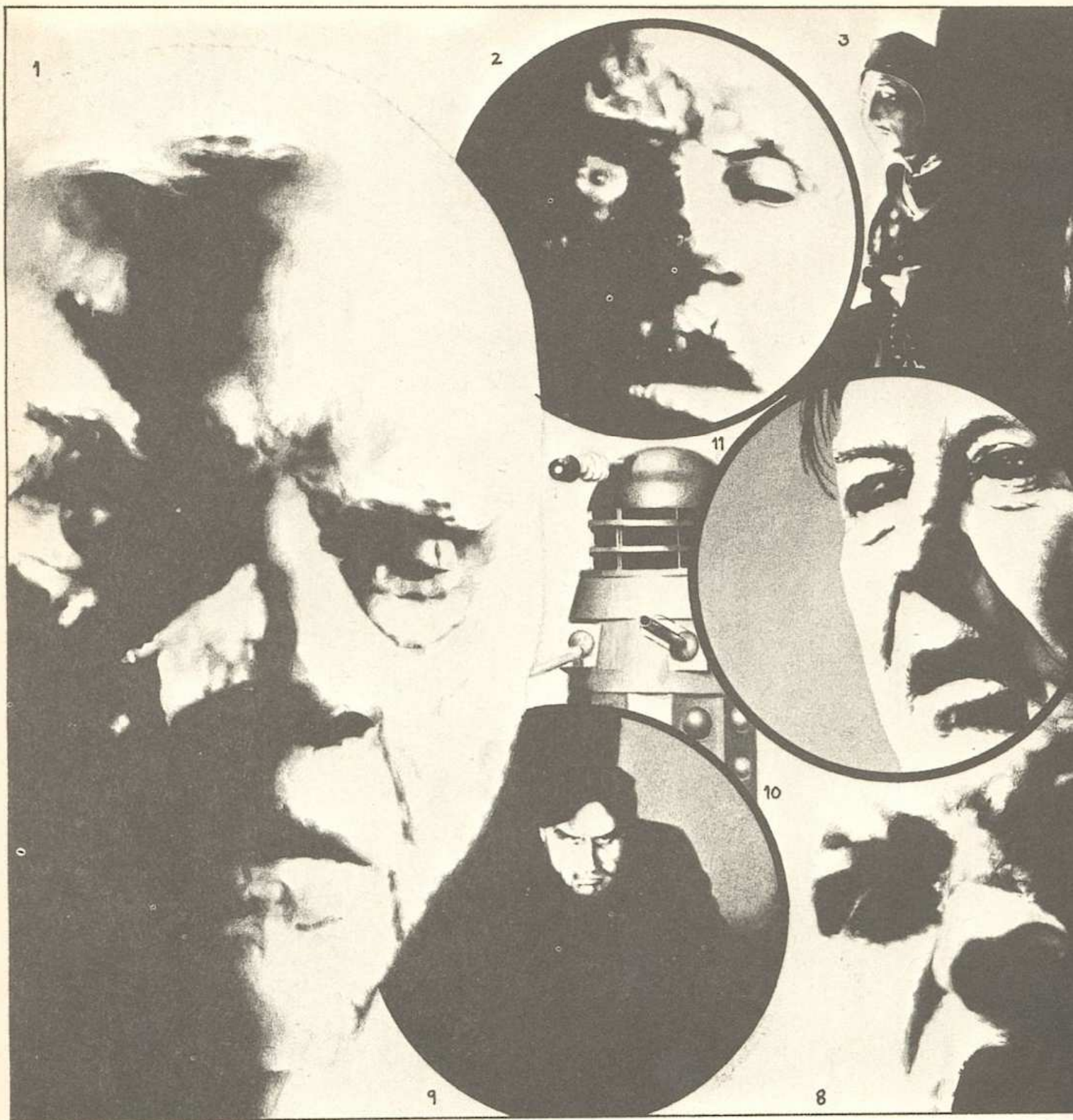
In our opinion, the Daleks are attempting to unify the Outer Planets, signing non-aggression pacts, alliances and defence treaties. If this unification is ratified, the Daleks and their allies will become the most powerful force in the Universe. Their combined fighting forces will outnumber ours by more than a thousand to one. Our bases throughout the galaxy will be in grave peril. We could offer no more than a token defence against such overwhelming strength.

We believe that you must use every political stratagem and diplomatic force to influence the leaders of the Outer Planets to reject any treaty with the Daleks. If you fail, we will undoubtedly be forced into a conflict of magnitude such as the Universe has never known. If such a war is embarked upon, it is my prediction that our chances of survival are nil.

I await your orders.

Joel Shaw
S.M. Joel Shaw.

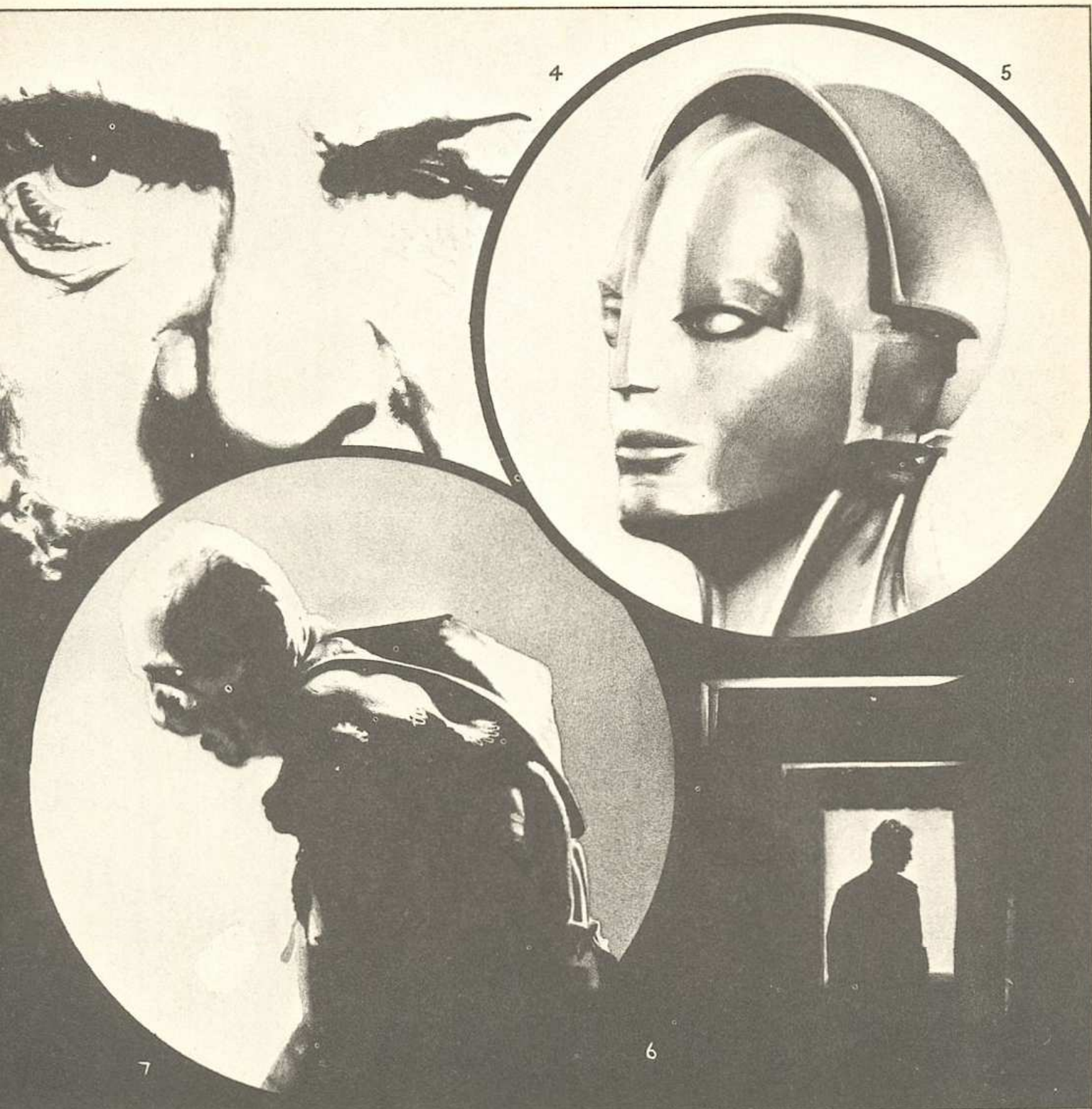
MAXIMUM SECURITY:



VISIOGRAPH PRINT

IDENTIFICATION KEY

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. AMBASSADOR AGGIO
OF THE PLANET PARNAY | 4. AMBASSADOR LOR CREEL
TRI-STAR FEDERATION |
| 2. REPRESENTATIVE GANDALPH
OF BARTINGOR | 5. PRESIDENT RANG-VAL
OF EXCELATION |
| 3. NOT KNOWN | |



VISIOGRAPH PRINT

6. DELEGATE MOGAVON
OF NEW FAR-LONDON

7. REPRESENTATIVE L
OF THE PLANET CREATION

8. NOT KNOWN

9. PRINCE LEBANON
OF TAURANUS

10. DALEK SUPREME NEGOTIATOR
OF SKARO

11. DELEGATE OF SUMMARIA
(NAME NOT KNOWN)

the dark side of skaro

Like the moon, we only see one face of SKARO. An expedition recently completed the dangerous task of making a preliminary map of the area but there are still many terrifying mysteries on the dark side of Skaro.

THE SWAMP LANDS

Neither land nor sea. It appears to be growing larger. There is some evidence that the Swamp Lands is some vast living organism that engulfs and feeds upon anything that comes near its surface.

THE LAND OF THE MUTANTS

A DALEK neutron weapon-testing area. Prisoners who were used in early tests have been exposed to massive radiation. The resulting generations have become ghastly mutations.

THE OCEAN OF DEATH

The acid content of this sea is so high that it would destroy human tissue in seconds. The terrible sea monsters that inhabit these deeps are protected by hides so thick and dense that they are invulnerable to even the most powerful weapons.





THE LAND OF THE LOST

A prison colony that needs no guards. The acid sea prevents any escape. Chances of survival are very low in jungle area. No one sentenced to serve a term here has ever returned.

THE ICECANOS

One of the most fantastic geological areas in the Universe. Molten snow and ice from the very core of Skaro erupts in enormous explosions covering many hundreds of square miles.

SERPENT ISLAND

It is believed that hundreds of millions of snakes, both large and small, infest this island. Members of the research expedition reported that it was impossible to take more than two strides without stepping on a serpent.

THE ROCKS

Great towering needles of stone that rear thousands of feet out of the sea and serve as a sanctuary and nesting place for the gigantic flying creatures that swarm the area.

THE CRYSTAL CONTINENT

Vast seams of combustible material have been burning for centuries beneath the surface of this area. The outer crust of the land contains the minerals used in the making of glass. Thus the whole continent appears to be made from solidified and molten glass. Creatures trapped in the molten glass are preserved for all time.

Report From an unknown Planet



Far out in the Seventh Galaxy, the huge AUF Deep-Space Cruiser manoeuvred carefully alongside the Communication Satellite. When it was in position a panel in the gleaming black hull slid silently open and a remotely controlled grappling cable snaked out and writhed across the airless void to clamp its magnetic locks on to the satellite. When it was firmly attached, the cable was reeled in. The satellite vanished into the cruiser and the panel slid shut. Moments later the giant rockets on the tail of the ship gave a quick blast and she started away to resume her original course.

The satellite was subjected to the usual checks for contamination and radiation and after a brief period in the quarantine chamber was declared 'safe to handle'. It was taken to the workshops and the engineers immediately set about removing the instruments and recorders. The coil of wire that had registered all the information picked up on the satellite's journey was run through the decoder. It contained the usual sort of data: radiation levels; magnetic fields; meteorite activity, and so on. All of which was fairly meaningless unless they knew when and where in the Universe the information had been collected.

While the decoder translated the electronic blips into a print-out, Carlson, the chief engineer, had time to examine the shell of the satellite in more detail. It was fairly primitive in design. Probably Martian, although he couldn't be sure. Possibly fifty or sixty years old. He lifted the protective cover off the guidance circuit and prodded around with a screwdriver. Beneath the maze of wires was a slightly charred section where the insulation had burned away and the cables fused. The Chief Engineer nodded with satisfaction. It explained why the satellite was not marked on any of their star charts. It had evidently malfunctioned at some time and had ever since run an erratic course all over the Universe. That the Deep Space Cruiser had spotted it and picked it up was a pure freak, like finding a bottle in the sea with a message in it.

Carlson started to write up his log. Every incident on the voyage had to be recorded. He worked slowly, vaguely listening to the background noise of the wire running through the bank of instruments. He looked up suddenly as he became aware of a new sound. The wire gave a whining crackle. Echoing static reverberated around the cabin, but despite all the interference he could have sworn he had heard a human voice. He

turned up the volume on the speakers. For a moment there was nothing, then it came again. Indistinct, muzzy, but undoubtedly a human voice. It became a little clearer. It was repeating two words over and over again.

"Attention! Emergency! Attention! Emergency! Attention! Emergency!" Then the sound faded and the voice was again lost in a welter of static.

Carlson pushed the stop button on the decoder. Then moving quickly, excitedly, he contacted the communications officer on the inter-com.

"Get yourself down here," he said. "I think we've got something pretty special."

Dargon, the Communications executive officer, came in, looking bleary-eyed and yawning.

"I was off duty," he complained. "This had better be important."

Carlson was too excited to show even polite sympathy.

"Listen," he said, "is it possible for a Com-sat to pick up a direct voice transmission?"

The sleepy man considered, then nodded uncertainly.

"Yes. Unlikely but possible. The satellite would have to be very near the source of transmission, and it would be very unlikely that any normal transmission would be ranged on a Com-sat frequency. But, having said all that, yes, it is possible."

The Chief Engineer seemed satisfied with the answer. He followed up quickly with another question.

"Alright. Now tell me this. Is it possible that you could use your electronic bag of tricks to clean the static and interference off a wire so that we can hear the voice clearly?"

Some of the sense of excitement was beginning to filter through to the communications man now. He looked more interested and alert.

"Yes. I can do it. It takes time, but I can do it. What's this all about?"

In answer Carlson moved across to the decoder and started the wire again. The anonymous voice crackled out once more above the racket of background noise.

"Attention! Emergency! Attention! Emergency!"

By now the electronics expert was wide awake. He listened intently, straining to hear against the hissing bleeping roar of interference. After a few minutes he looked grim. He switched off the decoder.

"I'll get my team working on it right away. And you'd better tell the Captain. I think this

might be something big."

For the next twenty-four hours three teams of electronic specialists worked in non-stop shifts to clean up the wire. With painstaking skill they erased the background sounds, modulated other noises and amplified the voice. Then the whole thing was transferred to high fidelity tape. Finally they had a far from perfect, but clearly audible recording.

With the Cruiser's Captain and executive staff listening, the tape was played from start to finish. As the recording finally clicked to a stop – no one spoke. Then after a few moments of silence that were charged with pulsing tension, the Captain stood up.

"I want this recording transmitted to ADF headquarters immediately. Give it a top priority coding. If this information is correct, this whole galaxy is on the brink of the greatest space war in history."

The complete report and tape were on Joel Shaw's desk within an hour. He quickly understood the vital importance of the information and instantly called a meeting of all senior ADF section leaders.

When they were seated he explained the circumstances and origin of the message. Then he placed the re-recorded tape on the player and allowed it to speak for itself.

The voice began with the now familiar words.

"Attention! Emergency! Attention! Emergency! Attention! Emergency! It is vital that anybody receiving this message relays it to the military authorities with all possible speed. I shall never know if this warning has been heard, so I can only pray that somewhere in the Universe my voice is being listened to, and that some action can be taken to halt the terrible catastrophe that I have caused. It is already too late to save me. I know with total certainty that I shall be dead within thirty minutes. The only thing that is now important is that a way be found to stop an enemy who will take the lives of millions of innocent people."

The voice ended and the tape spun silently for a few seconds. Then it started again and more or less repeated what it had already said. Another pause and then the voice began again, but now it was with a calm almost matter-of-fact note. It was the voice of a man who had resigned all hope.

"I won't give you my name. If what I fear comes true I don't want my family to carry the burden of my guilt. It is enough to say that I am a space archaeologist. For many years it had

been my ambition to explore and examine the ancient civilization that existed on the planet Zebtron. Some months ago I was awarded a grant by the University of . . . No, I won't tell you that either. It would make it too easy to indentify me. I'll just say that I got a grant to equip an expedition. The grant was a small one and we were forced to economise in every direction. We could only afford a very old and dilapidated spacecraft that should have been condemned to the scrap heap years before. However, my team was very enthusiastic and we set about making repairs and putting her in order.

"Finally we were ready. We made a perfect blast off and were on our way. The first six months of the journey passed without incident and the crew were all in good spirits. But, as we penetrated deeper and deeper into space, things started to go wrong. First, there were instrument failures. Then a communications breakdown. It seemed we had badly under-estimated our food requirements and had to impose strict rationing.

"There was worse to come. In the seventh month we were engulfed by a meteorite storm that caused irreparable damage to the ship's hull

and guidance systems. Our navigation equipment was totally destroyed and we had no idea of our whereabouts. We were lost. Utterly and completely lost.

"We drifted in space for what seemed like a long time. All hope had gone. Then we noticed the ship was picking up speed. We had wandered into the gravitational influence of a planet that was drawing us towards it. It was soon very evident to which planet we were going. Each day the great glowing red-tinged orb on our port quarter seemed to grow larger and our speed increased further. We had no way of identifying the planet, nor even the galaxy in which it was located.

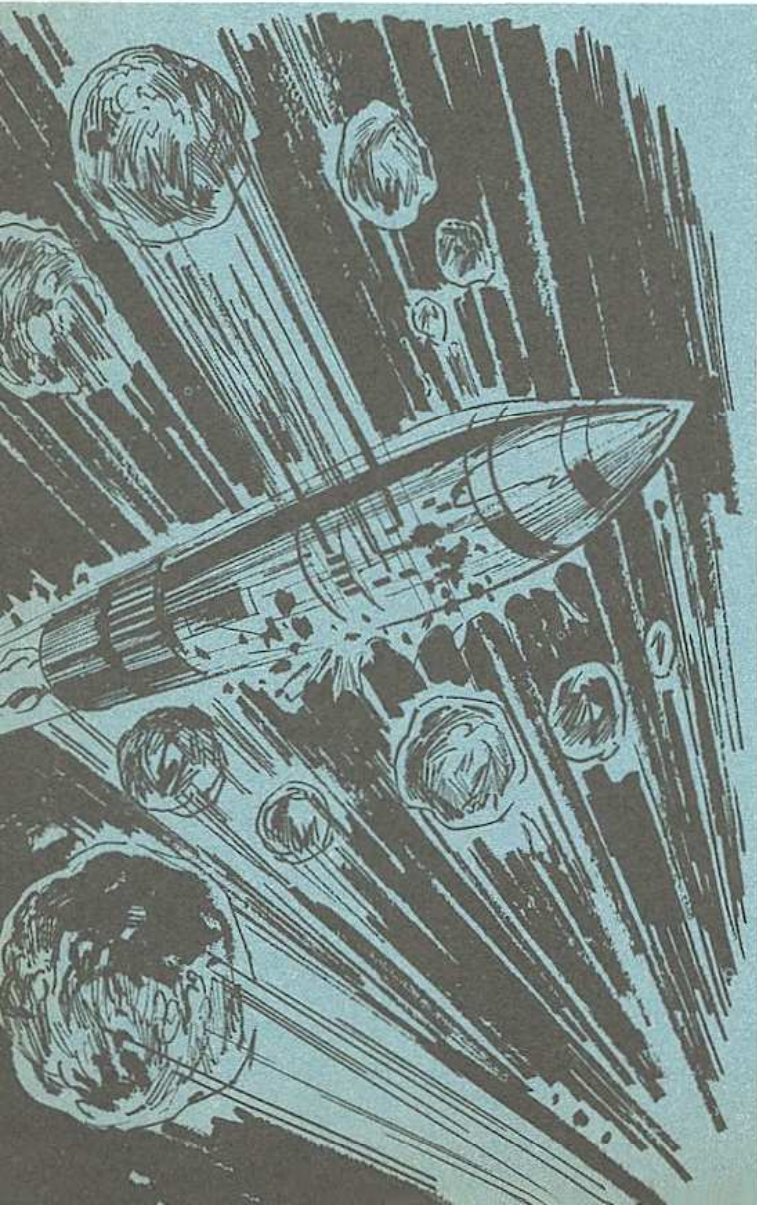
"Within a few weeks we entered the outer atmosphere of the unknown planet and the hull of our battered ship began to glow white with heat. Despite the inner heat shields the temperature inside the ship grew to an intolerable level.

"With only one cluster of retro-rockets still functioning it was doubtful that we could slow the ship enough to make a safe landing. We broke through the cloud cover that wrapped the planet and had a few fleeting seconds in which we could look at its surface. There were great expanses of seas and land masses that were covered in blood red vegetation. After this brief glimpse there was no more time to stand and stare. We braced ourselves for the attempted landing. I fired a brief blast on the retros. The ship swung slowly around into a landing posture. Then, depending on visual judgement for we had no instruments, I waited until what I considered the right moment to slow the ship to a safe touch-down speed.

"I fired the rockets at full power. The violent deceleration made the whole ship shudder. The airframe creaked and groaned as though it was about to disintegrate. But somehow she held together and we were lowering gently on to the surface. Just at the moment that we were congratulating ourselves, the retros coughed, faltered and died.

"The ship began to fall. With a sickening lurch she toppled slowly to one side and we hurtled towards the ground. I have no idea how far we fell, for I was thrown heavily against the control panel and lost consciousness.

"When I recovered I was aware of a searing pain in my left leg. Blood was trickling into my eyes from a wound on my forehead. Then I heard a sound. The slow remorseless crackle of flame. The ship was on fire. As I tried to move the pain almost plunged me back into unconsciousness, but panic and fear gave me the strength to go on.



Through the densening smoke I saw a gaping hole torn in the side of the hull. I dragged myself to it and slithered out. I fell on to soft ground and started to crawl away from the terrible heat. Moments later there was an enormous explosion as the ship went up. I was lifted bodily and hurled through the air. Black darkness engulfed me and I knew nothing more.

"When I finally awoke there was no part of my body that was not bruised or sore. Pain wrapped me like a cloak. The ship was virtually destroyed. And of the entire crew of more than twenty souls I was the only survivor.

"There was little I could salvage from the wreckage: a few metal tools; some coils of wire, and the low-powered transmitter unit into which I now speak.

"What remained undamaged was my own determined instinct to survive. I improvised splints for my broken leg and, with strips torn from my clothing, bound the wound on my head.

"I found a pool. The liquid in it was warm, deep green in colour and sweet to the taste. I let my aching body soak in the liquid and cleaned my wounds.

"The land around me was heavy with undergrowth that grew jungle thick. The many varieties of trees and plants all seemed to have the peculiar red shading that we had noticed from space. Many of the bushes carried large and attractive fruits. Eventually my fear of poisoning was overcome by my hunger. The fruits were delicious and sustaining. I felt no ill effects. Indeed, quite the reverse. I felt oddly invigorated, and my strength returned quickly. The liquid in the pool in which I had bathed also seemed to have some odd curative power, and within hours the wound on my head had begun to heal and the bruising vanished.

"In the days that followed I began to explore my new environment. My leg seemed miraculously to mend itself and I was soon able to remove the splints and walk without any trace of the pain that had racked me.

"Each new fruit I tasted seemed more attractive than the last. I swam frequently. With every passing hour I felt fitter and more alive than any time in my adult life. I was possessed of great energy and strength. Time seemed to have no meaning, but after I had been there what I guessed was about a week, I caught sight of my reflection in a pool and was astonished to see that I looked far younger than I could ever recall. It was as though I was going through some incredible process of rejuvenation. With my new found

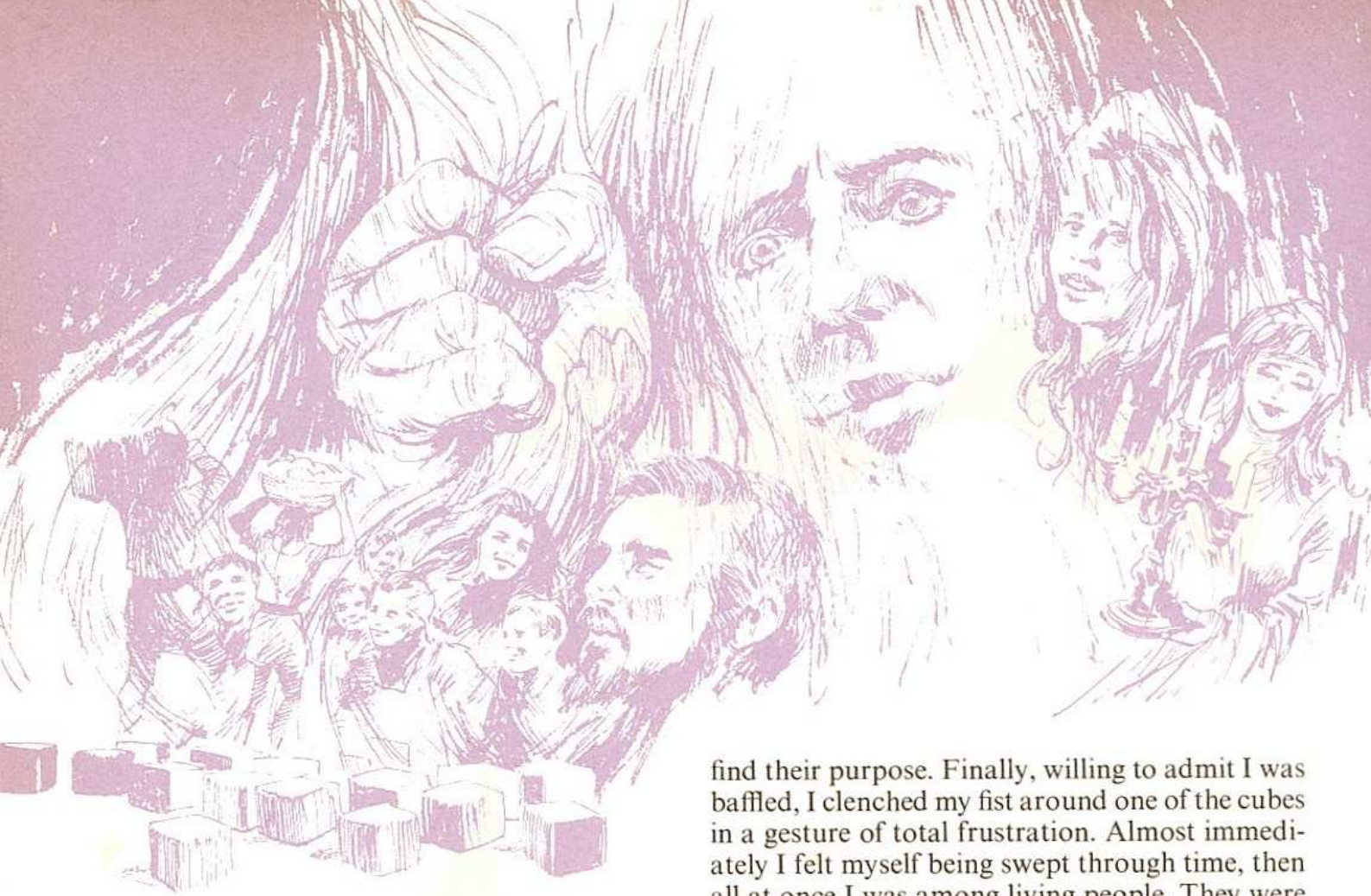


energy, and what I can only call 'youth', I was able to cover many miles each day and feel no exhaustion. And with every step I took I found this new world of mine more and more fascinating.

"There seemed to be no animal life of any kind; no birds, no insects, no reptiles. The climate was like perpetual midsummer on Earth. I found myself happier than I ever remembered. I have spent much of my life in isolated places and so felt none of the loneliness that might have afflicted some men. There was no way of counting the passing of time, for there was no day or night, therefore I cannot say how long it was before I chanced upon my amazing, and I now know, horrifying discovery.

"It appeared to be a temple. Or at least a building of great importance. It was constructed from a material I did not recognise, almost like opaque glass. There were no cracks or joins to be seen, which made it appear to have been cast in one mighty piece. Much of it was buried in the heavy jungle growth, but what I was able to see of it was obviously the work of a people of enormous skill and intelligence. I have studied archaeology in every corner of the Universe, but never had I seen architecture of this kind before. It was beautiful and graceful, and simply to look at it gave one a feeling of great serenity and peace.

"It occurred to me that almost all the religions



in the known galaxies have a place that they call heaven. This planet seemed to be just that. For some time I seriously did consider the possibility that I had died and been transported to a paradise.

"I began to make my examination of the temple with great enthusiasm, seldom stopping for food or rest. With my new found energy I needed neither.

"It was difficult to date the building, but it seemed very ancient. Everything was miraculously well preserved and each new room I entered offered fantastic treasures. The furniture and fittings were fashioned with great artistic skill. On the walls were paintings so lifelike that it was hard to believe they were only paintings. They showed gentle landscapes, and the people portrayed in them were beautiful beyond description. To judge by these paintings they lived a life of idyllic pleasure. Happy, simple people working at their arts and crafts, not knowing fear or sickness or war. I became more and more convinced that this planet might well be called Paradise.

"But a still greater surprise remained in store. Deep in the heart of the temple I entered a room unlike the others. Its walls were plain and the only furniture it contained was a large circular table surrounded by chairs. On the table were rows of small metal cubes the size of dice. I examined them for hours on end, but could not

find their purpose. Finally, willing to admit I was baffled, I clenched my fist around one of the cubes in a gesture of total frustration. Almost immediately I felt myself being swept through time, then all at once I was among living people. They were all around me, talking, laughing.

"I opened my fingers and immediately the vision faded. Then at last I understood. The room I was in was some great visual library. The cubes contained the history of the planet. It was enough simply to close one's hand around the cube and instantly one would see events that had taken place thousands of years before. Not only see, but feel, smell, hear. What I am trying to convey to you is that 'you were there'. The whole history was inside your mind. You could even sense the emotions of the people you saw.

"Having discovered the secret I spent days clutching the tiny cubes, living again the history of the planet.

"What I learned from the history cubes was that the first creatures to come to the planet were refugees from a world that was dying. With food and drink in abundance they had time to turn their talents to creating things of beauty. With their memory of an earlier technology they had built the great temple and the history library to record their progress.

"I lived with them through that time. There could be no more beautiful or happier people. Their pleasure was in pleasing one another.

"My curiosity about how the race had ended forced me to pick up the last cube in the row. As my fingers closed on it I felt myself slipping into

the hypnotic trance-like state that would take me back. But this time I did not feel the gentle warmth and love of life that had engulfed me on my previous explorations into history. Instead I was gripped in black, stomach-knotting terror. I was surrounded by people who ran, screaming with fear. There was billowing smoke. The shrieking cackle of weaponry. I saw men and women engulfed in haloes of white fire. I saw them fall to the ground, hardly more than charred cinders. I saw buildings destroyed in blasts of neutron explosions. And then, through the swirling smoke, I saw the cause.

"Daleks! Hundreds of them advancing across the land in a solid line. Their guns blazed with unceasing fire, destroying everything before them. Wave after unstoppable wave swept forward, showing no mercy. Sparing no one and no thing. Behind them lay a smouldering trail of total devastation. Dead and dying; the men, women and children of this simple race ruthlessly exterminated.

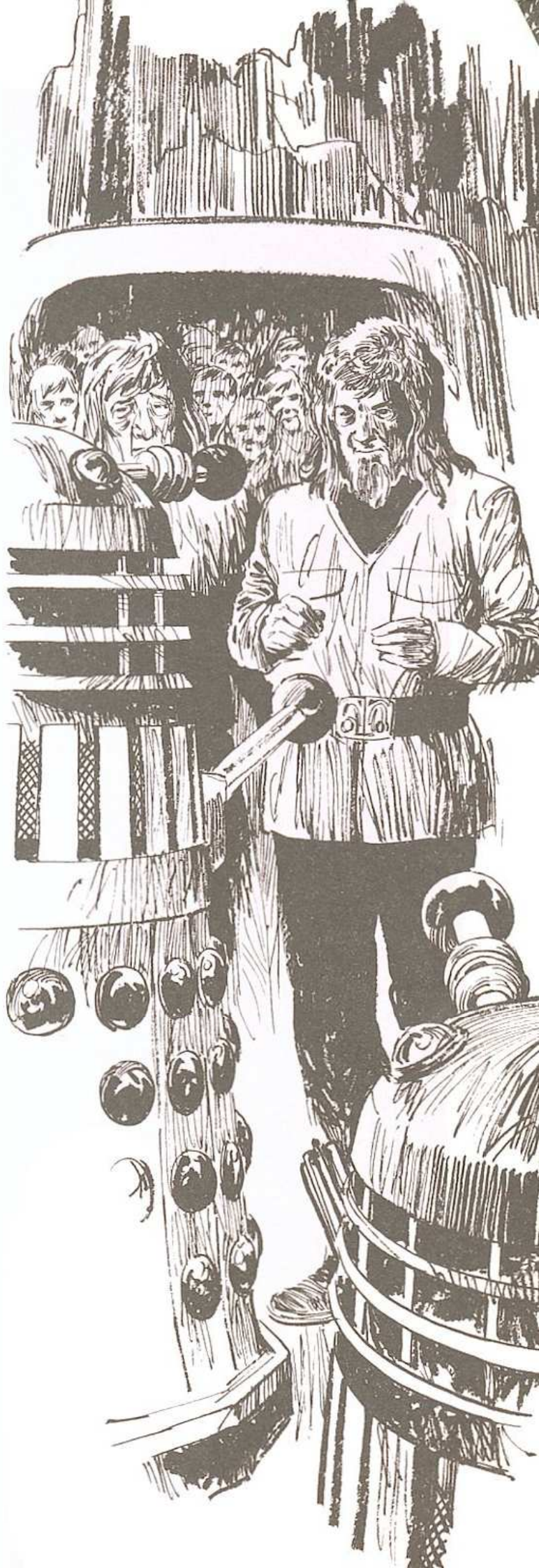
"I dropped the history cube from my hand. I felt as sick and terrified as those who had fled before the onslaught. The poor gentle creatures with no knowledge of war, no weapons, no defence.

"Despite myself, I picked up the cube again. I had to know the outcome. I must know what happened. Again my mind drifted back into the smoke and carnage. It was very real. I could smell the fire and destruction. I could sense the fear and feel the pain.

"The first rank of Daleks halted at the temple walls, for it was inside here that the survivors had run for shelter. A second wave of the monsters circled around until the building was surrounded. The Dalek commander advanced, and in its hideous croaking voice demanded that the leaders of the people come out.

"Two of the older men stepped from the Temple. The Dalek demanded that every living person should be brought out. The elders could do nothing but agree.

"In the days that followed other survivors were sought out by the Daleks, until they were satisfied that everybody was rounded up. The people were then divided into work gangs and were forced to dig long ramps in the soil, ramps that led down to the vast rocky caverns that exist below the temple. The caverns were cleared of rubble and enlarged. When this work was complete the prisoners were herded together in their thousands and circled by a guard of watchful Daleks.



"Within a very short time giant Dalek transporters began to land. From each of them filed line after line of Daleks. Thousands of them, then thousands more. Moving in columns of four they glided down the newly dug ramps. While this was going on the prisoners were forced to dig deep holes beneath the transporter rockets. The great machines were lowered into the holes and then sealed off.

"Finally over ten thousand Daleks filled the great caverns, standing in row upon serried row.

"Powerful hydraulic equipment was installed into the ramps and then the prisoners were forced to fill the space with soil again. Finally there was no trace of the Daleks or the ships that had brought them. Only the invasion force remained. They now systematically moved across the land destroying every building. When they had finished no stone stood one upon the other.

"The survivors, some four thousand or more, were brought into the clearing in front of the temple. This was the only building that had been spared.

"The Supreme Dalek came forward and placed some sort of an instrument on the ground against the wall of the temple. Then it turned and spoke to the prisoners.

"What it said chilled me with terror. Its rasping mechanical voice seemed to spit out the words. 'The Daleks have ensured that their race will survive through all of time. In the unlikely event that we suffer serious defeats and are driven to the corners of the Universe, our army will survive hidden here. It can be activated from our planet Skaro or, at a pre-arranged time, will activate itself and emerge to conquer new worlds.'

"The Supreme Dalek turned away. One of the elders moved towards it. He said 'You promised my people that if they worked for you they should again live in peace. Will you now honour that promise?'

"The Supreme Dalek virtually ignored the old man. It said sharply, 'The Daleks do not make treaties or promises to inferior creatures. Your usefulness has ended.' Then in the same instant it commanded the other Daleks. 'Exterminate! Exterminate! Exterminate!'

"My mind was filled with the roar of the weapons. The stench of the destruction sickened me. I felt and shared the horror of the massacre.

"When the first blaze of fire had ended, the Daleks moved among the fallen bodies, finishing the lives of the wounded.

"When they were done, this whole civilization had ended. In a matter of minutes they had

destroyed a culture that had grown over eons of time.

"The Daleks boarded their ship and blasted away, leaving no one alive anywhere on the planet.

"Silence came again to the land. Mercifully the jungle moved in and buried the memory of the carnage. All that remained now was the great temple.

"What I had seen filled me with violent rage, terrible anger. I wanted to take revenge on the Daleks. I wanted to destroy them as they had destroyed an entire race.

"I had seen the point where the Supreme Dalek had placed the instrument in front of the Temple. I thought if I could find it then I could destroy it. It was evidently the means by which the Daleks could be reactivated, either from Skaro or by some built-in time switch.

"I ran from the temple and fought my way through the heavy jungle. I ripped away plants and creepers that had grown around the place. I scrabbled in the soil, scooping away the earth and stone that had accumulated over the centuries. My fingers were raw and torn, but my lust for revenge numbed the pain.

"Then I found it. A metal box, its surface pitted with age but still as solid as the day it was made. I clawed at it, my fingernails breaking as I sought to rip out its mechanical heart. I wanted to kill this tiny machine and ensure that the ten thousand Daleks below the temple would remain buried there for all eternity.

"The tips of my fingers found a tiny crack. I forced it open. Wider and wider . . . and finally a section of the casing fell away. The complex of wires held firmly against me as I tried to tear them out. Suddenly I felt a searing pain and the box seemed to come to life. My hands burned. The skin blistered as the control box glowed white with heat. I was thrown backward by the force of some invisible ray.

"It was only then that I realised what I should have immediately guessed. The unit had some sort of Anti-Tamper device built into it.

"I lay on the ground nursing my injured hands when I heard a sound. A low rumbling noise . . . soft at first but growing in strength. The ground on which I lay began to move like the first mild shock of an earthquake. The tremor grew stronger. Cracks appeared in the earth around me. Nearby, trees began to sway and fall as their roots were pushed upward.

"Only then did the full horror of my action strike me. In attempting to destroy the control



unit I had activated it. The machinery that had slept for centuries beneath the soil was grinding into action, pushing the earth away from the ramps, opening the route for the Daleks to emerge.

"I got up and started to run. Ahead of me I saw something rising above the tree tops: the great gleaming body of one of the giant transport rockets being lifted into launch position by the machinery that I had started.

"I think I must have lost my mind then, for I have no memory of what I did. I knew that I alone was responsible for launching a wave of death and destruction that would engulf the whole galaxy. I, and I alone, would carry the guilt for the deaths of millions of innocents. I, and I alone, had begun a war that would destroy continents, worlds, entire civilizations.

"It seemed an age until I was again able to think clearly. I stood up and saw the first of the Daleks starting to ascend from the depths. I made no attempt to hide. Let it destroy me. I wanted and deserved to die. No man could go on living and carry the burden of guilt that was mine.

"And then I remembered the transmitter. Perhaps there was some tiny recompense I could make. Perhaps if I could get a warning out in time.

"I turned and started to run. The Dalek fired and I felt the heat of the blast sear my shoulder.

But nothing could stop me now. I had left the transmitter in the history room of the temple. I raced along corridors and through the rooms until I reached it. That is where I speak from now. I pray that somewhere in space my voice will be heard. *Do* something before it is too late. Destroy the Daleks before they can launch their ships. Wipe this place of evil from the face of the planet.

"The Daleks are searching through the temple for me. I hear them in the corridors. They are very close now and it cannot be long before they find me. When they do . . ."

Here the voice ended. There was a sound of a roaring crackle on the tape so loud that it almost drowned the scream of pain. Then silence.

Joel Shaw moved forward and switched off the tape machine. He looked around the faces of the people in the room. They seemed stunned.

He gave them a moment to recover, then said in a quiet voice: "We have no idea from which planet this message came. It could be any one of a hundred million. Nor do we know when the message was sent. It could have been a day, a week, a month or even years ago.

"All we do know is that soon, very very soon, the Daleks will strike. Whenever and wherever, we must be ready. All we can know for absolute certain is that . . . they are on their way!"

Mark Seven has the advantage of having a built-in computer memory. Now, with this clever trick, you too can convince your friends that you have a memory as efficient as any computer. From the thousands of telephone numbers listed under the name 'Smith' we have printed a random selection: 60 seven-figure numbers, hundreds of digits. Ask a friend to read out any name and address he chooses and you will immediately be able to tell him the telephone number. Impossible? But you can do it.

Here's how: as you become more practised in this trick you will be able to do the whole

thing in your head, but to begin it is easier to use pencil and paper. This is what happens: a friend selects a name and address from this list on the next page and reads it aloud. You jot down the first number you hear. You add eleven to the number and then reverse the figures; for instance, 14 becomes 41, 26 becomes 62. These will be the first two digits of the telephone number. Now add them together and you have the third number; you ignore any tens. Then you add the second and third numbers to produce the fourth, and so on until you have the seven figure telephone number.

We'll try a few examples:

fantastic! incredible!
astonishing! amazing!



Your friend reads out: "Smith K, 17 Lady Kate Road. W6."

The vital number is17
 Add 1111
 Total28
 Now reverse that total82.

These are the first two figures of the number: 82.
 We add them together: $8+2=10$. Ignore the ten and just use the zero. Now we have three figures: 820.
 Add the last two figures ($820=2$) and that gives the fourth figure8202.
 Add the last two figures ($0+2=2$) for the fifth figure82022.
 Add the last two figures ($2+2=4$) for the sixth figure820224.
 Add the last two figures ($2+4=6$) and we have the complete telephone number: ...820-2246.



Let's try one more:
 The friend reads: "Smith P, 70 Rebecca Road. W1."

It goes like this: $70+11=81$.
 Reverse the figures. 18. Add them $1+8=9$.
 We have the first three telephone numbers 189.
 Add 8 to 9 ($8+9=17$. Drop the ten)189 7.
 Add 9 to 7 ($9+7=16$. Drop the ten)189 76.
 Add 7 to 6 ($7+6=13$. Drop the ten)189 763.
 Add 6 to 3 ($6+3=9$)189-7639.

And that's how easy it is. With practice it becomes very simple to do the whole thing in your head. You'll certainly baffle your friends. You might even baffle your maths teacher. Try a few more practice runs and then you'll be ready to convince the world you have the memory of a computer!

But do remember to use only the addresses given here!

Smith A, 22 Nelson Rd. E10	336-9549.
Smith A, 41 Vicarage Cres. W9	257-2910.
Smith A, 58c Gloucester Grdn	965-1673.
Smith C, 80 Park Rd. W14	190-9987.
Smith C, Mrs. 4 Avon St. EC1	516-7303.
Smith C, 29 Powis Gdns SE2	044-8202.
Smith C, 63 Leigh Rd. N16	471-8976.
Smith C, Flat 8, Ivan Crt. NW1	910-1123.
Smith D, 87 Working St. E4	897-6392.
Smith E, 24 Norman Terrace S1	538-1909.
Smith E, 68 Westway SW1	976-3921.
Smith E, Lordship Hse. NW7	819-0998.
Smith F, 32 Mabley St. E3	347-1897.
Smith F, 55 Thornton Sq. W11	662-8088.
Smith F, 84b Wilton Plc. SW1	594-3707.
Smith E, 13 Haven Gn. N11	426-8426.
Smith E, 76 Bell Rd. E17	785-3819.
Smith E, Flat 9, Ely Towers N1	022-4606.
Smith F, 35 Daisy St. SE14	640-4482.
Smith F, 28 Slaters Hill N4	932-5729.
Smith G, 60 Long Lane E9	178-5381.
Smith G, 19 Bowater Close SE4	033-6954.
Smith G, 44 Radnor Rd. NW2	550-5505.
Smith H, Mrs. 5 Ray Rd. W2	617-8538.
Smith H, 82 The Grove SE6	392-1347.
Smith I, 20 Railton Square N8	134-7189.
Smith J, Flat 49, Grove Hse. W2	066-2808.
Smith J, 72 Peter St. E13	381-9099.
Smith K, 30 The Gardens N16	145-9437.
Smith K, Central Towers W11	224-6066.
Smith K, 48 Bloom Rd. N6	954-9325.
Smith K, 17 Lady Kate Rd. W6	820-2246.
Smith K, 62 Joel Sq. SE5	370-7741.
Smith L, 15 Oban Terrace SW2	628-0886.
Smith L, Apt. 21, Avon Hotel N1	235-8314.
Smith L, 37 St. John's Rd. SW2	842-6842.
Smith M, 31 The Boultons N4	246-0662.
Smith M, Flat 52, Albany SW3	369-5493.
Smith N, 16 Wildway N7	729-1011.
Smith N, 40 Richard Hse. W3	156-1785.
Smith O, Mrs. 57 Dell Way SE6	864-0448.
Smith P, Mrs. 27 The Drive E14	831-4594.
Smith P, 70 Rebecca Rd. W1	189-7639.
Smith P, 1 High Street SE4	213-4718.
Smith P, 56 Graham Close W2	763-9213.
Smith P, 25 Rosalind Rd. N7	639-2134.
Smith P, Mrs. 10 Orme Sq. SW2	123-5831.
Smith P, 26 Eyles Place N2	730-3369.
Smith R, 59 St. John's SW3	077-4156.
Smith R, 34 Waggoners Wlk, WC1	549-3257.
Smith R, Flat 3, Ash Hill E6	415-6178.
Smith S, Gilbert Manor W2	314-5943.
Smith S, 51 The Crescent S14	268-4268.
Smith S, 78 Belmont Ave. W11	987-5279.
Smith S, 12 Lynsted Rd. E2	325-7291.
Smith S, Flat 14, Bearsted EC1	527-9651.
Smith S, 46 Firs Corner SE3	752-7965.
Smith S, 81 William Plc. N4	291-0112.
Smith S, Apt. 23, Gore Hotel W1	437-0774.
Smith S, 54 Apley Way NW1	561-7853.

IDENTIFICATION PARADE

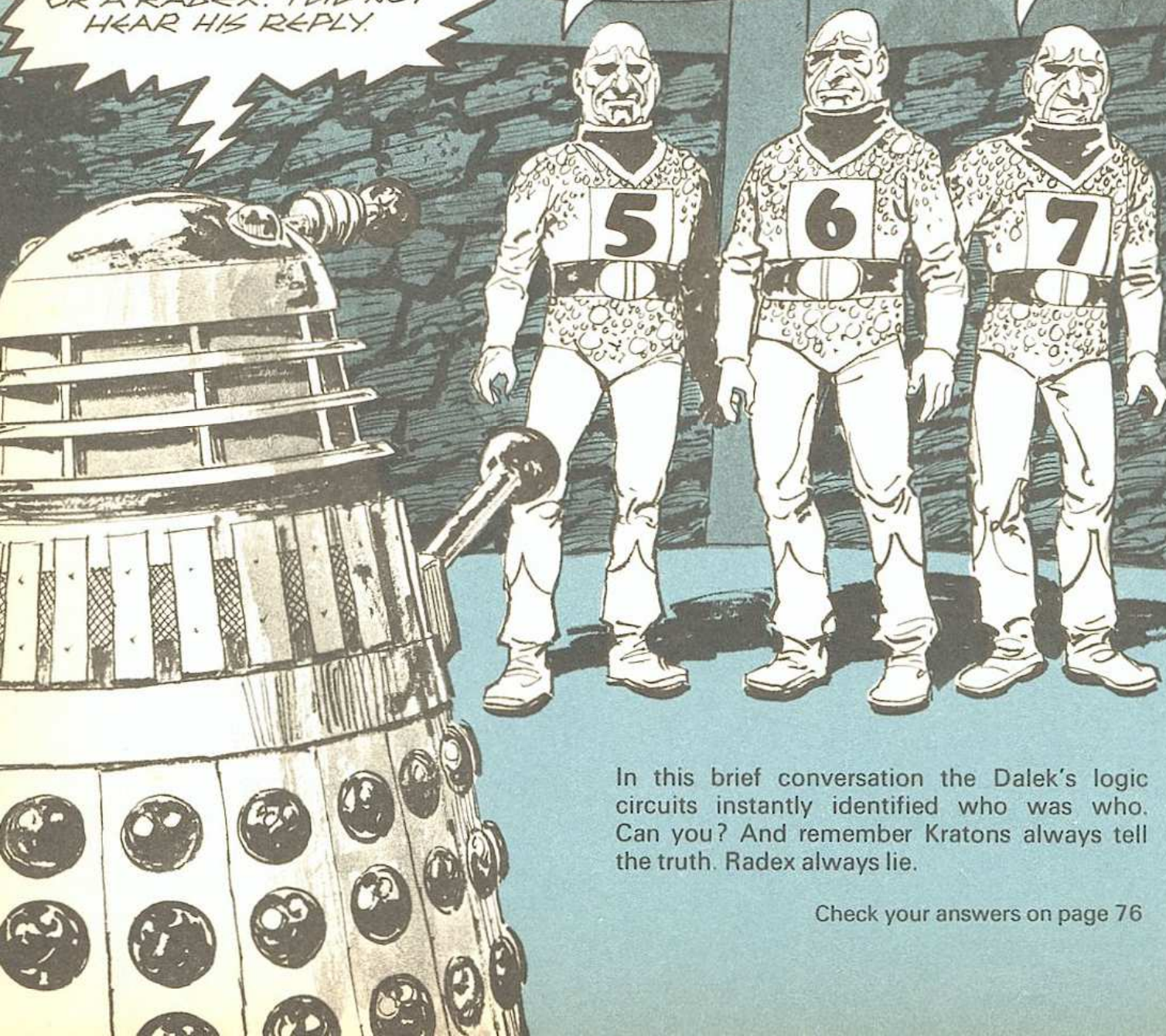
Only two races of people live on the planet Zorga. They are the Kratons and the Radex. There is no physical difference between the two races. There is however one very peculiar distinction: the Kratons *always* tell the truth, the Radex *always* tell lies.

A Dalek interrogator is questioning three prisoners from Zorga to find out which of them are Kratons and which are Radex.

I ASKED NUMBER SIX IF HE WAS A KRATON OR A RADEX. I DID NOT HEAR HIS REPLY.

HE SAID HE IS A KRATON. HE IS A KRATON. I TOO AM A KRATON.

DO NOT BELIEVE HIM HE IS A RADEX BUT I AM A KRATON.



In this brief conversation the Dalek's logic circuits instantly identified who was who. Can you? And remember Kratons always tell the truth. Radex always lie.

Check your answers on page 76

THE DALEKS

THE ENVOYS OF EVIL

BULOS, CAPITAL CITY OF THE PLANET SOLTURIS...



IS IT TRUE THAT COMFORT BREEDS COWARDICE? THAT PEACE MAKES MEN SOFT? SOME — THE DALEKS INCLUDED — WOULD HAVE IT SO. CERTAINLY ONE HUNDRED UNTRUBLED YEARS HAVE LULLED REDLIN AND HIS PEOPLE INTO A COMPLACENCY IT COULD PROVE COSTLY TO SHAKE...

...BUT IN THE WILD VISIONS THAT HAVE RAGED THE MIND OF THE MYSTIC LURR SINCE HIS BIRTH THERE IS NO COMFORT. IN THE SHADOWY LAND HE STALKS BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY THERE IS NO PEACE. GRIPPING HIS BOWL OF TOMORROW HE LEAVES REDLIN'S SCORN BEHIND.

...AND AS HE WATCHES THE DALEKS LANDING HE FEELS NO BITTER SATISFACTION, NO PANIC, NO FEAR. LURR HAS SEEN THE FUTURE.

HE KNOWS...

DISASTER HAS COME TO SOLTURIS.

YOUNG PEOPLE LIKE MY GRAND-DAUGHTER WILL DIE OR BECOME SLAVES.

GRANDFATHER! HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW VISITORS FROM THE SKY?

GELTIS IS HERE, AND HE THINKS THEY'LL BE POWERFUL ALLIES. HE SAYS WE SHOULD MAKE FRIENDS WITH THEM.

GELTIS IS A FOOL! KEEP AWAY FROM THE DALEKS, MIRVA.

NO-ONE BELIEVES ME, BUT I SAY THE DALEKS ARE HERE TO DESTROY US!

THERE WILL BE A TIME WHEN THE DALEKS WILL DESTROY OUR CITIES AND ENSLAVE OUR PEOPLE.

THE DALEKS VISIT REDLIN, RULER OF SOLTURIS.

WE COME IN PEACE, REDLIN. LET US REMAIN OUTSIDE YOUR CITY OF BUROS TO MAKE OUR REPAIRS.

WE WELCOME YOU, DALEK.

BUT, AT THE DALEK FLEET, WAR IS ALREADY BEING PREPARED.

WE HAVE LANDED ON A RICH BUT WELL ARMED PLANET. WE MUST DISCOVER WHAT WEAPONS ITS PEOPLE POSSESS BEFORE WE WAGE WAR.

WE WILL BE FRIENDLY AND PEACE LOVING. FIND THE WEAKNESSES. AND THEN, DALEKS, WE WILL STRIKE! OVERPOWER! VANQUISH! AND ENSLAVE!

WE WISH FOR NOTHING BUT FRIENDSHIP. THE DALEKS ARE JUST EXPLORERS OF SPACE. WE DETEST WAR, SO YOU NEED NOT FEAR US.

AND IF THEY RESIST...
WE WILL EXTERMINATE THEM!!!

WHILE THE UNSUSPECTING SOLTURIANS MAKE READY TO EXTEND THE WELCOMING HAND OF FRIENDSHIP STILL FURTHER, THE DALEK ENVOY RETURNS FROM BULOS WITH INFORMATION THAT WILL MAKE THE CONQUEST OF THE PLANET THAT MUCH EASIER...



SO REDLIN TRUSTS US. THE FOOL! DID THEY SHOW YOU THEIR CITY?

YES, EMPEROR. I BROUGHT BACK SOME GOOD POSNEGS. WATCH THE SCREEN.



AND SECRET FILM ON GAMMA ATTACHMENT TO THE DALEK'S EYE-STICK REVEALS THE SECRETS OF BULOS.

THIS IS THEIR PENTA RAY. IT FIRES A MIXTURE OF ALPHA, INFRA, OMEGA, ULTRA AND BETA RAYS. IT COULD DESTROY US, EMPEROR.

THEN WE MUST DESTROY IT!



WHILE THE DALEKS STUDY THE SECRETS OF BULOS — LURR STUDIES THE FUTURE.

MIRVA, SHOULD ANYTHING HAPPEN TO ME, I WANT YOU TO TAKE THIS BOWL TO KING REDLIN'S SON, JARETH.

NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU! ANYWAY, I HATE THE KING'S SON. HE IS LAZY...



DON'T BE GLOOMY, GRANDFATHER — THE DALEKS ARE FRIENDLY PEOPLE!

YOU WILL LEARN THE TRUTH OF MY PROPHECIES TOO LATE, CHILD!



LURR GLANCES ONCE MORE AT HIS FUTURESCOPE...

YES, TRIUMPH WILL COME! BUT WHAT MISERY AND DESTRUCTION WILL THERE BE FIRST...?



IN REDLIN'S PALACE, THE KING IS ANGRY WITH HIS SON, JARETH.

BUT I COMMANDED HIM TO BE WITH ME WHEN THE DALEK ARRIVED. NOW I FIND HIM SLEEPING!

I WILL FETCH SOME WATER...



WHAT THE...!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO SLEEP AND DISOBEY MY ORDERS JARETH!



DON'T BOTHER ME NOW, FATHER. LET ME GO BACK TO THE DREAM I WAS ENJOYING.



ANGER APPROACHES...!

HERE IS THE COPY OF THE SOLTURIAN'S PENTARAY. IT IS JUST AN EMPTY CASE.

INSLI! SMUGGLE IT INTO THE CITY — EXCHANGE IT FOR THE REAL PENTARAY. THEN THESE FOOLS WILL BE DEFENCELESS!

A GULLIBLE KING... AN EMPTY SHELL OF A GUN... A PRINCE WHO SLEEPS, AND THE VICIOUS, UNBENDING WILL OF THE MOST RUTHLESS FIGHTING MACHINES IN THE COSMOS. THESE ARE THE INGREDIENTS. THE ONE LOGICAL OUTCOME?

THE END OF SOLTURIS!

FORTUNATELY, THERE ARE THOSE ON SOLTIRIS NOT BOUND BY LOGIC. THE VISIONARY LURR HAS, ONCE AGAIN, GLIMPSED THE FUTURE IN THE SHIMMERING WATERS OF THE BOWL OF TOMORROW. HE HAS NO THOUGHT OF EXPLOITING HIS KNOWLEDGE FOR PERSONAL GAIN. HIS ONLY THOUGHT IS THE PROTECTION OF THE PLANET...

BUT THEN AGAIN, THERE ARE OTHERS WHO CONSIDER LURR TO BE NAIVE... ECCENTRIC... IF NOT TOTALLY MAD!



GO TO PRINCE JARETH, MIRVA! RUN! WARN HIM OF THE DALEK PLAN TO STEAL THE PENTARAY.

VERY WELL, GRANDFATHER... BUT HE'LL PROBABLY LAUGH AND GO BACK TO SLEEP. THAT'S ALL HE EVER DOES, THEY SAY.



WHY DOES MY COUSIN GELTIS SPY ON ME?

SPY? HOW UNKIND...

I WONDER WHAT PRICE THE DALEKS WOULD GIVE ME FOR LURR'S FORETELLER INVENTION? ENOUGH FOR ME TO BUILD A PALACE... WE SHALL SEE.



AT THE PALACE...



OLD LURR'S GRAND-DAUGHTER IS HERE TO SEE YOU, JARETH. SHE SAYS IT IS VERY URGENT.

OH, WELL, ALL RIGHT. BUT IT'S DISTURBING MY REST...



MIRVA TELLS HER STORY.

THE DALEKS ARE GOING TO STEAL THE PENTARAY!

THIS IS TO SAFEGUARD YOUR PEOPLE, JARETH! THE DALEKS MEAN DANGER—CAN'T YOU SEE THAT THROUGH YOUR LAZY HEAD!!



IT ALL SOUNDS LIKE WORK TO ME. STILL, WE'LL HAVE A LOOK, IF YOU LIKE.

JARETH IS AMUSED AT MIRVA'S FURY—AND LEADS HER TO THE PENTARAY CHAMBER.

IT'S JUST TROUBLE FOR NOTHING.

OH, WHY WON'T YOU LISTEN!



THERE YOU ARE, MIRVA. THE PENTARAY'S QUITE SAFE.

THE DALEKS ASKED PERMISSION TO STORE ONE OF THEIR MACHINES IN HERE, PRINCE JARETH.



THEY BROUGHT IT IN A PACKING CASE... THAT GOLDEN ORB OVER THERE, AND TOOK THE PACKING CASE AWAY WITH THEM.

GRANDFATHER WAS RIGHT.



THIS IS A FAKE! THE DALEKS HAVE STOLEN OUR PENTARAY. THEY'RE GOING TO DESTROY US... WITH OUR OWN WEAPONS!!!

SO THE SLEEPING PRINCE JARETH IS AWAKENED AT LAST TO THE MENACE OF THE DALEKS. TAKING THE BEAUTIFUL MIRVA BY THE HAND HE HURRIES TO HIS FATHER'S PALACE...

ON HEARING OF HIS SON'S DISCOVERY, REDLIN REACTS WITH SHOCK AND HORROR. HE HAS GAMBLED AND HE HAS LOST. NOW HE MUST PAY FOR HIS FAILURE BY COMMITTING HIMSELF AND HIS PEOPLE TO LONG, LONG LIFETIMES OF SLAVERY...

...UNLESS, OF COURSE, HE CHOOSES TO RESIST. THEN THE PRICE IS

DEATH!



CAN'T WE GO AFTER THEM, FATHER? GET THE PENTARAY BACK?



FORTUNATELY, NO-ONE CAN FIRE THE PENTARAY WITHOUT THE KEY. THERE IS ONLY ONE — AND I HAVE IT.



IT'S GONE! SOMEONE'S STOLEN THE KEY TO THE PENTARAY!!!



THE INVENTION DEFIES ALL OUR EFFORTS. IT IS OPERATED BY A KEY WHICH MUST STILL BE IN THE PALACE.

WHY CAN'T WE MAKE OUR OWN KEY TO UNLOCK THE WEAPON'S POWER?



WE HAVE TRIED AND FAILED.

EMPEROR! HERE IS A SOLTURIAN WITH VITAL INFORMATION.



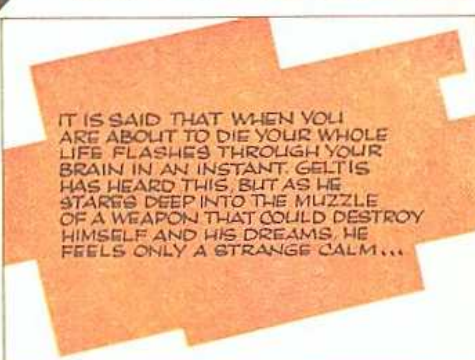
THE PENTARAY IS USELESS WITHOUT ITS KEY, DALEK.

WE DO NOT NEED IT! WE ARE THE DALEKS!! INVINCIBLE! YOUR COMING HERE TO RECLAIM THE PENTARAY WAS RASH. I ORDER YOUR DEATH!

THE BETRAYAL...



WAIT! I HAVE COME HERE TO GIVE YOU THE KEY TO THE PENTARAY... FOR A PRICE!!



IT IS SAID THAT WHEN YOU ARE ABOUT TO DIE YOUR WHOLE LIFE FLASHES THROUGH YOUR BRAIN IN AN INSTANT. GELT HAS HEARD THIS. BUT AS HE STARES DEEP INTO THE MUZZLE OF A WEAPON THAT COULD DESTROY HIMSELF AND HIS DREAMS, HE FEELS ONLY A STRANGE CALM...

...A CALM BORN OF THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THIS TIME THERE CAN BE NO TURNING BACK, THIS TIME THERE WILL BE NO EXPLANATIONS, NO EXCUSES. GELTIS SEES NONE OF THE ENDLESS CHAIN OF DRUDGERY AND HUMILIATION HIS LIFE HAD BECOME. HE SEES INSTEAD THE FUTURE. HE SEES NOT DEATH IN THE MUZZLE BUT DESTINY...

...A DESTINY HE MEANS TO FULFIL!

GIVE US THE KEY TO THE PENTARAY, AND WE WILL MEET YOUR DEMANDS.

MAKE ME THE RULER OF THIS PLANET. I'LL SEE THE PEOPLE OBEY YOU... SERVE YOU. BUT DO NOT THINK ME A FOOL!

THE KEY STAYS WITH ME. BRING THE PENTARAY TO TOR HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS. TWO DALEKS ONLY.



I AGREE WITH YOUR PLAN. YOU WILL BE MET AT SUNRISE.

ELSEWHERE, SEARCH FOR THE STOLEN KEY CONTINUES.

GRANDFATHER... I'VE BROUGHT KING REDLIN...



I REMEMBERED THAT BOWL OF YOURS, LURR. CAN YOU LOOK IN IT—DISCOVER WHO HAS STOLEN OUR PENTARAY KEY?



IT IS POSSIBLE. BUT WE CANNOT USE MY BOWL OF TOMORROW YET. IN TWO HOURS IT WILL SHOW US SOMETHING.

LURR'S BOWL, WHICH FORETELLS THE FUTURE, IS CONNECTED TO AN ELECTRONIC WAVE PROJECTOR. THEN, AN HOUR LATER...



AN IMAGE IS APPEARING ALREADY.

NEXT SECOND...



GELTIS... A TRAITOR?

I REMEMBERED THIS INFERNAL INVENTION OF YOURS, COUSIN.

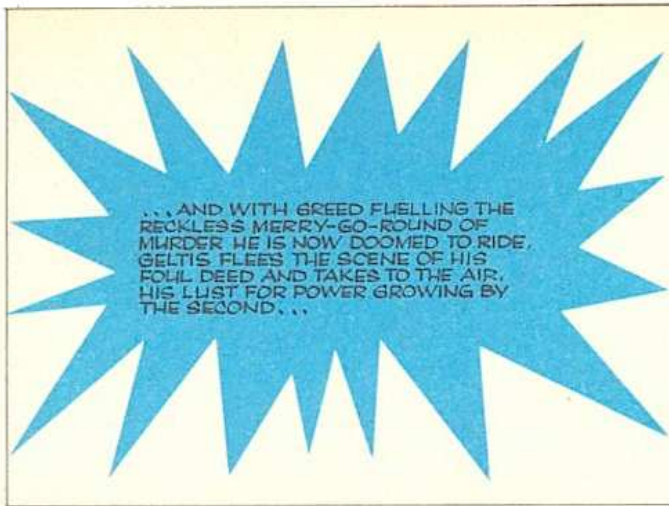


TRAITOR! RETRAYER!!

FIVE MINUTES TO GET AWAY... THEN ALL EVIDENCE WILL BE DESTROYED.



WITH THE BLOOD FROM HIS COUSIN STILL WET ON HIS HANDS AND THE RESULTS OF A LIFETIME'S STUDY WANTONLY DESTROYED TO PROTECT HIM, THE ASSASSIN MAKES HIS GETAWAY.



...AND WITH GREED FUELLING THE RECKLESS MERRY-GO-ROUND OF MURDER HE IS NOW DOOMED TO RIDE. GELTIS FLEES THE SCENE OF HIS FOUL DEED AND TAKES TO THE AIR, HIS LUST FOR POWER GROWING BY THE SECOND...



I'M SURE THAT FLIER BELONGS TO GELTIS...

HE MUST HAVE DONE THIS, FATHER, BUT WHY?



IF GELTIS STOLE THE KEY TO THE PENTARAY, LURE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN. JARETH, TAKE MY FLIER — STOP HIM!



TO ALL DALEKS, SPACE SHIPS FIVE AND SIX REMAIN ON THIS PLANET. COLONISE IT. OTHER SHIPS FOLLOW ME FOR MORE CONQUESTS



CONVINCED OF VICTORY, THE EMPEROR DEPARTS.

DALEKS IN MOUNTAIN HAVE POSSESSION OF KEYS TO PENTARAY. SUCCESS IS ASSURED.



THE DEADLY PENTARAY SMASHES THE TWO DALEKS...



NOW I'LL PROVE WHO'S THE MASTER OF THIS PLANET. I'LL DESTROY THE CITY OF BULOS!



NOW FOR THE PENTARAY. I'LL RULE THIS PLANET... AND THE DALEKS TOO!



PEACE IS OVER. WE MUST FIGHT THE DALEKS. WE MUST HURRY TO BULOS AND MOBILISE THE ARMY.

IF ONLY JARETH CAN STOP GELTIS IN TIME.



GELTIS LANDS IN THE MOUNTAINS AND MEETS THE DALEKS WITH THE PENTARAY...

...AND YOU SEE, A MIXTURE OF RAYS ALPHA, INFRA, OMEGA, ULTRA AND BETA REDUCE ANYTHING TO RUBBLE, LIKE THIS!!!

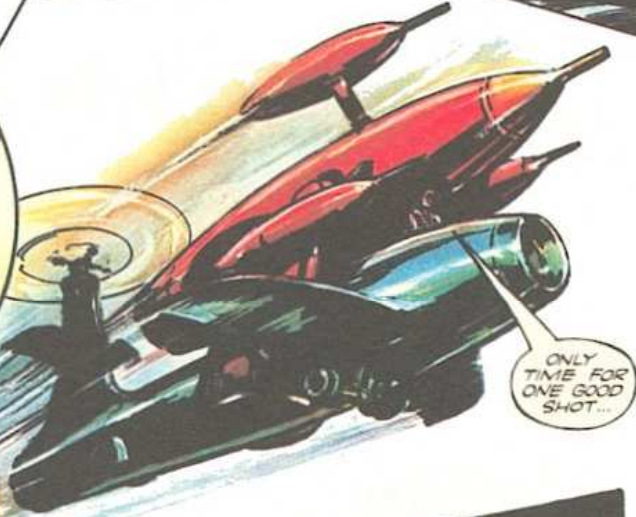


ALONE ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP WITH THE DEADLY PENTARAY, GELTIS' FIRST IMPULSE IS TO DESTROY — TO MAKE THOSE THAT ONCE LAUGHED AT HIM FEEL HIS NEW-FOUND POWER. FEVERISHLY HE BEGINS TO SET THE CONTROLS...

BUT EVEN AS GELTIS SETS HIS DEPRAVED SCHEME INTO MOTION, THE CITIZENS OF BULOS PREPARE TO MEET A THREAT PERHAPS EVEN MORE FRIGHTENING - THAT OF A DIRECT ATTACK FROM THE DALEKS THEMSELVES. PRINCE JARETH GASPS WHEN, ON ARRIVAL, HE SEES THE FUTURE OF HIS PLANET IN SUCH UNSTABLE HANDS...



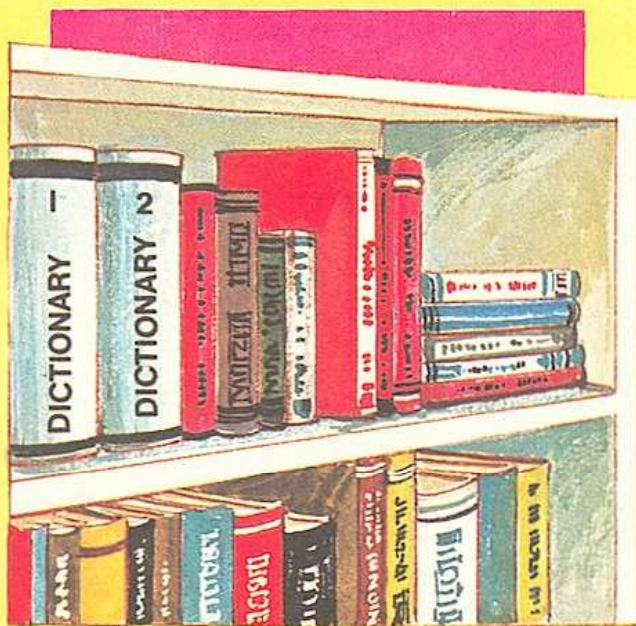
AS GELTIS DIES ON THE MOUNTAIN, THE DALEKS ATTACK THE DEFENCELESS CITY.



AND SO THE INHABITANTS OF SOLTURIS ARE SPARED TO PICK UP THE PIECES OF THEIR RAVAGED LIVES BY A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE FROM SKARO. WHAT IS THE MESSAGE? YOU CAN FIND OUT BY READING **PART 2** OF OUR STORY, ENTITLED

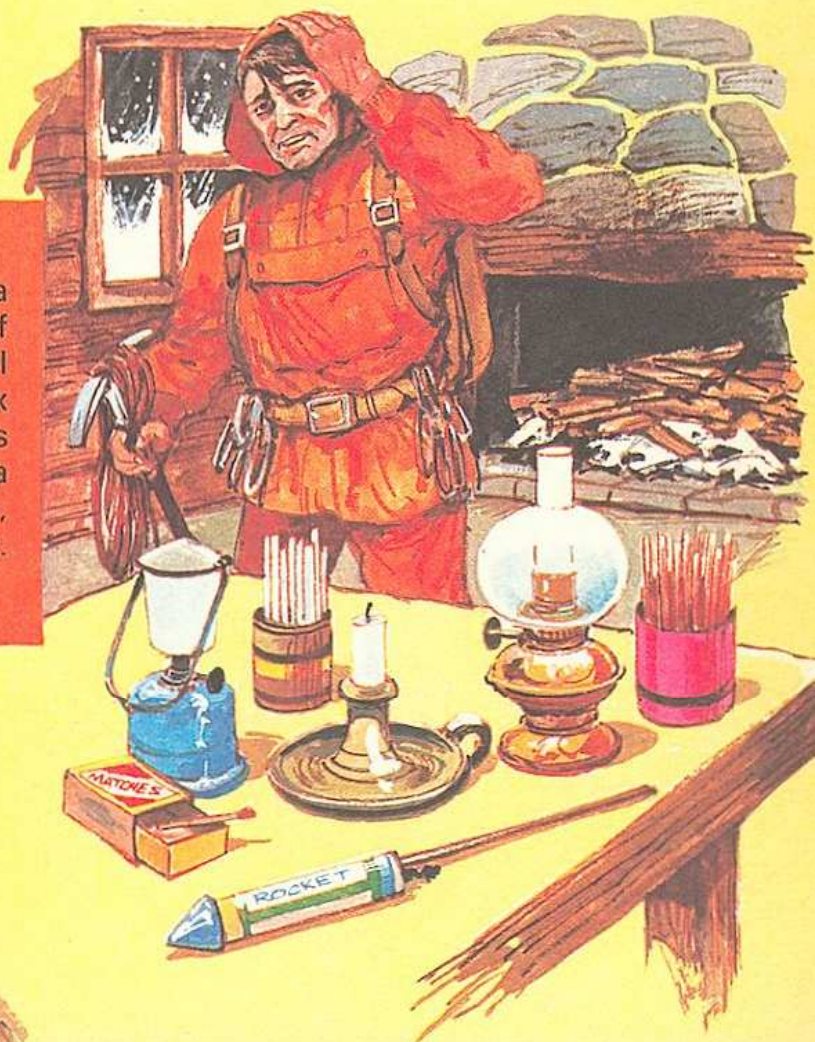
THE MENACE OF THE MONSTRONS

Another selection of puzzles and problems invented by ADF members to help fill in time on long and tedious journeys through space.



Each of the two dictionaries is exactly two inches thick, not counting the covers. Each cover of each book is exactly one eighth of an inch thick. It has taken a Bookworm twenty-three years to eat its way through from page one of volume one to the last page of volume two. How far has the Bookworm travelled? And as an extra problem, of all the English language words in the dictionaries, which word is most frequently pronounced wrongly?

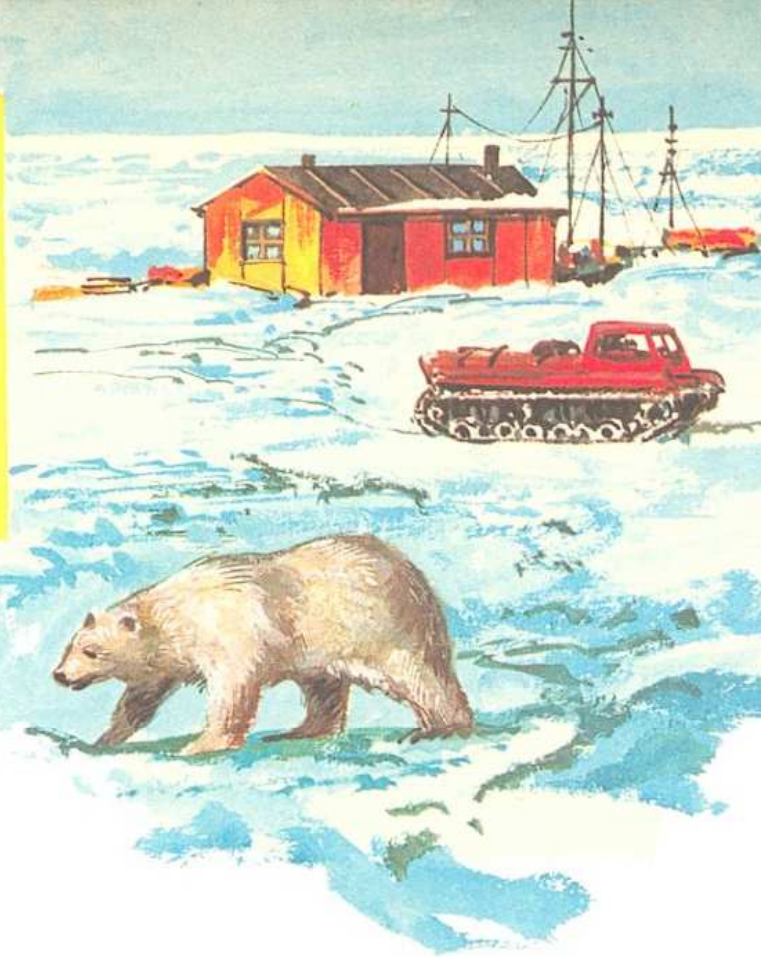
In a sub-zero blizzard a climber staggers into a mountain refuge hut. He is exhausted and half frozen. He must have heat and light or he will die before morning. In the hut he finds a box containing only one match. In the hearth is laid a fire of newspaper and sticks. There is a box of wooden spills, a candle, a gas lantern, an oil lamp, wax tapers and a distress rocket. To survive, which must he light first?



There are seven grenades in the bag. The officer issues each of the seven men with a grenade and they march out. One grenade remains in the bag. How is this possible?

TOP OF THE WORLD

A group of scientists have erected their prefabricated laboratory exactly on top of the South Pole. The building has four walls. In each wall there is one window. In one wall there is also a door. A scientist gazes out of the window in the wall opposite the door. In which compass direction is he looking? There is also something very wrong in the drawing. Can you spot it?

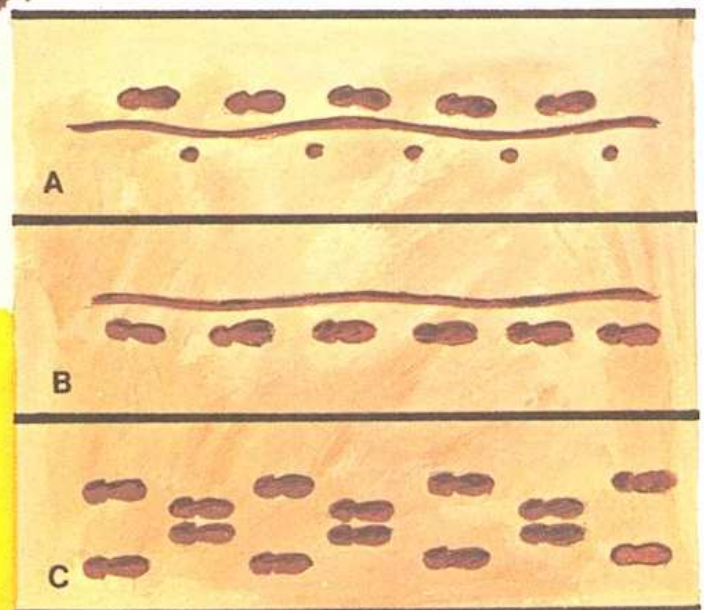


HIGHRISE

Five-year-old Peter lives on the top floor of a twenty-storey block. Each morning he takes the elevator down to the ground floor. When he returns he rides the elevator up to the sixth floor, then gets out and walks up the stairs to the twentieth floor. Why does he do this?

TRICKTRACK

After a bad flood the road outside the village was left covered with a layer of mud. Wherever people walked they left their footprints. But there were three trails that were very puzzling. Can you discover how they were made?



Check your answers on page 76

THE DALEK INVASIONARY FORCE HAS RETURNED TO SKARO IN ANSWER TO A DISTRESS CALL FROM DALEK H.Q. IT IS A CALL THAT BRINGS THEM TO A HEAD-ON COLLISION WITH...

PART 2 THE MENACE OF THE MONSTRONS



A MYSTERY SPACECRAFT HAS LANDED IN A DEAD VOLCANO ON SKARO...



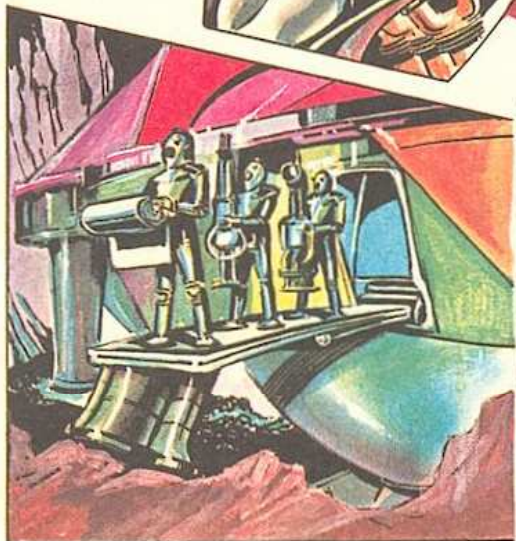
INSIDE THE SHIP ARE THE MONSTRONS...



LANDING SUCCESSFUL! COMMAND ENGBRAIN BUILDERS INTO STAGE ONE.

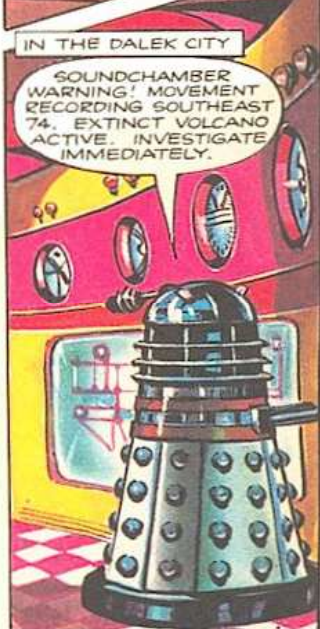


THE ENGBRAINS!



SOON THE CRATER IS TRANSFORMED

THE BRIDGEHEAD IS ESTABLISHED! NOW TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THIS PLANET AND ENSLAVE IT!



IN THE DALEK CITY

SOUNDCHAMBER WARNING! MOVEMENT RECORDING SOUTHEAST 74. EXTINCT VOLCANO ACTIVE. INVESTIGATE IMMEDIATELY.



MOVING SOUTHEAST 74 TO DETERMINE CAUSE OF MOVEMENT.



ALIEN MACHINE APPROACHING. SHALL I ORDER ITS DESTRUCTION?

NO. HAVE IT CAPTURED AND BROUGHT HERE. WE SHALL SEND IT BACK WITH AN ENGBRAIN INSIDE.

THE COOL, COLLECTED MOVEMENTS WITH WHICH THE MONSTRONS PLOT THE APPROACH OF THE DALEK HOVERABOUT REFLECT THE ALMOST ARROGANT FAITH THEY HAVE IN THEIR TECHNOLOGY. AFTER ALL, IT IS A TECHNOLOGY THAT HAS SEEN THEM THROUGH MORE THAN THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL CONQUEST...

BUT THE DALEK HOVERBOUT PATROL KNOWS NOTHING OF THE MONSTERS OR THEIR TECHNOLOGY. TO THE DALEK, THE PROBLEM IS A SIMPLE ONE: SOMETHING HAS LANDED ON SKARO AND HE HAS BEEN SENT TO INVESTIGATE. IF THE THING LIVES, HE WILL PROBE IT FOR REACTION...

...IF IT REACTS—HE WILL DESTROY IT!

APPROACHING SOUTH EAST 74—DESCENDING TO FIND CAUSE OF MOVEMENT.



HOVERBOUT PATROL TO CONTROL. EMERG.....



GOOD, YEQ. THE LIQUID AIR MAKES AN EFFECTIVE PRISON AND CUTS THE RADIO OF THE CREATURE.

WE DID NOT KNOW THESE CREATURES WERE SO ADVANCED, KENEX. HOVER FLIGHT... RADIO... THEY'LL HAVE STRONG WEAPONS, TOO.



COME, LET US DISSECT THIS CREATURE AND LEARN ITS SECRETS. AND IF ENSLAVING THIS PLANET MEANS WAR—THEN WAR IT SHALL BE.



...PATROL COMMANDER ATTENDS. WHAT IS YOUR REPORT?

DALEK PATROL OVER SOUTH EAST 74 BROKEN CONTACT. FOLLOW AND INVESTIGATE.

UNDOUBTEDLY AN ADVANCED RACE, YEQ. WE WOULD BE WISE TO PUT UP A FORCE FIELD AROUND THE CRATER TO DEFEND OURSELVES.

...AND SMASH INTO THE INVISIBLE FORCE FIELD!



I WILL ORDER IT.

TWO DALEK HOVERBOUTS APPROACH THE CRATER TO SEARCH FOR TROUBLE...



THREE DALEK HOVERBOATS HAVE BEEN TO INVESTIGATE THE NEW ARRIVAL IN THE CRATER. THREE DALEK HOVERBOATS HAVE BEEN DISPOSED OF. THE SMOOTH EFFICIENCY OF THE MONSTRON INVASION PLAN HAS MADE THESE PRELIMINARY SKIRMISHES AS SIMPLE AS BRUSHING OFF FLIES...

...AND NOW THE INVASION PROPER IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...



ARE THE ENGBRAIN SOLDIERS READY, KENEX?



YES. I HAVE ARMED THEM WITH RAY GUNS, YEQ.

IN THE DALEK COUNCIL CHAMBER...



WE MUST SUPPOSE THAT ENEMIES HAVE DESTROYED OUR PATROLS AND ARE FORMING A BRIDGEHEAD IN THE MOUNTAINS.

ATTENTION! ALERT FOR EMERGENCY!!

LET US SEE WHAT OUR ANTI-VISIBILITY THRUSTER WILL DO.



FLYING OBJECTS FROM MOUNTAINS APPROACHING CITY.



THE MISSILES EXPLODE AND A DENSE FOG BILLOWS UP...



EMERGENCY! ORDER ALL DALEKS INSIDE BUILDINGS. CLOSE OFF ALL DOORWAYS AND COMPARTMENTS.

THE MONSTRONS WATCH ABOVE THE FOG.



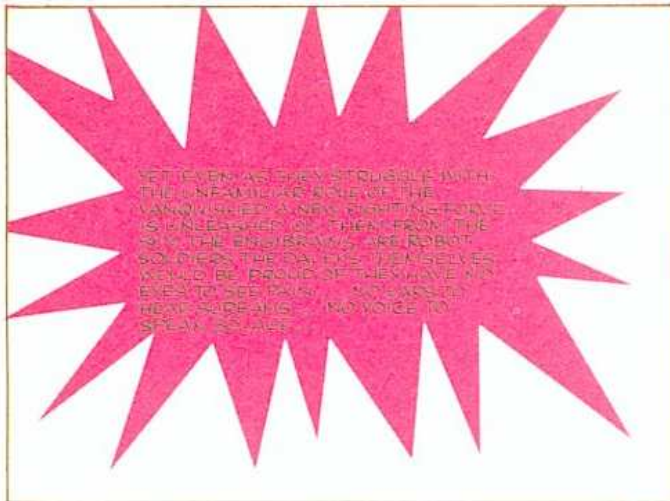
THESE FILTERS OF YOURS ARE EXCELLENT, KENEX. I CAN SEE CLEARLY.

THE CITY CREATURES ARE HIDING IN THEIR BUILDINGS.



SOLDIERS! I ORDER YOU! DESTROY THOSE BUILDINGS. RAZE THE CITY TO THE GROUND!

BLINDED BY THE FOG AND UNABLE TO PIERCE THE ENEMY'S FORCE-FIELDS, THE DALEKS ARE SHATTERED BY THE FEROCITY OF THE MONSTRON ONSLAUGHT. THEY SHUT THEMSELVES OFF IN THE CITY IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO BUY MORE TIME...



SUCH THOUGHTS HAVE NO PLACE IN THE MINDS OF THE MONSTRON CONQUERORS. THEY WATCH THE FINAL SEALING OVER OF THE CITY WITH A DETACHMENT THAT MARKS THEM AS PROFESSIONALS, THEIR ONLY SATISFACTION COMING FROM THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THEY HAVE CARRIED OUT THEIR MISSION ACCORDING TO PLAN, SIMPLY AND EFFICIENTLY...

...AND EFFICIENCY IS IMPORTANT TO A PROFESSIONAL... MORE SO WHEN HIS PROFESSION IS MURDER.

IT IS FINISHED. THE WAY IS CLEAR FOR OUR MAIN FORCES TO LAND.

WE MUST FIND A GOOD LANDING GROUND, KENEX. BUT I THINK PRESIDENT ZOY WILL BE PLEASED WITH OUR WORK.

UNDERGROUND — CHAOS!

THE EMPEROR MUST BE DEAD!

WITHOUT A LEADER WE ARE LOST.

DALEKS! WE ARE NOT DEFEATED.

IT IS THE EMPEROR!

I AM TRAPPED BY A GIRDER. FREE ME WITH A MAGNET.

...AND NOW OUR ENEMIES HAVE SEALED OVER THE CITY WITH UNBREAKABLE METAL.

I AM IN AN OLD WATERCOURSE. IT MUST RUN INTO THE LAKE OF MUTATIONS.

WE CAN FOLLOW THIS UNDERGROUND RIVER AND SURPRISE OUR ENEMIES.

EMERGENCY! A GIANT ELECTRIC EEL IS ABOUT TO ATTACK ME. HURRY WITH THE MAGNETISER!

THE POWER LINES ARE DEAD. THE MAGNETISER IS USELESS...

HELP!!

HELP! THE WORD COMES HARD TO THE GOLDEN EMPEROR. THE DALEK LEADER IS NOT USED TO BEGGING FOR ASSISTANCE. BUT WHEN Faced WITH A GIANT ELECTRIC EEL FROM THE LAKE OF MUTATIONS, PRIDE COMES A POOR SECOND TO **SURVIVAL...**

HELP! THE WORD RINGS OUT AGAIN, AND WITH IT COMES THE ECHOES OF COUNTLESS SIMILAR PLEAS THE GOLDEN EMPEROR HAS IGNORED IN HIS LONG AND BLOODY TRAIL OF CONQUEST. FLEETINGLY HE REMEMBERS SOME OF THOSE HE HAS LEFT TO DIE... ON THEIR FEET... ON THEIR KNEES... FLAT ON THEIR FACES ON THE BLOODSTAINED EARTH.

...AND THEN HE PREPARES TO MEET HIS FATE AS A DALEK LEADER MUST...
FACE TO FACE!



HURRY! THE ELECTRIC EEL IS ATTACKING!

THE POWERFUL MAGNETISER PULLS THE GOLDEN EMPEROR FROM DANGER...



SUCCESS IS WITHIN OUR GRASP, DALEKS!



EMERGENCY MEASURES!

OUR PERSONAL POWER MUST SAVE THE EMPEROR. RELEASE ENERGY INTO MAGNETISER... NOW!!!



THE UNCONSCIOUS EEL IS DRAGGED FROM THE UNDERGROUND RIVER...



WE SHALL HARNESS THIS CREATURE'S POWER UNTIL OUR OWN ENERGY AND OUR OWN MACHINES ARE FRESH AGAIN.

MEANWHILE, THE MONSTRONS CELEBRATE...

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR CAPTIVE IN THERE, EH, KENEX?



KEEP IT AS A TROPHY, YEQ. THE LAST REMAINING... WHAT WERE THEY CALLED? DALEKS...

DO NOT DESTROY IT. STUN IT—FOR HERE IS ELECTRIC POWER!

I OBEY, EMPEROR



AM I THE LAST? IF ONLY I COULD FREE MYSELF, I WOULD STILL PROVE THAT THE DALEKS ARE SUPERIOR. I MUST RAISE MY FRAME TEMPERATURE.



IT'S WORKING THE ICE IS MELTING!



A LONE DALEK BATTLES TO ESCAPE HIS ION TOMB... THE GOLDEN EMPEROR REGROUPS HIS RAGGED FORCES... BUT CAN THEY EVEN HOPE TO SUCCEED?

FIND OUT ON PAGE 67 IN PART 3 OF OUR STORY,

ENTITLED **THE QUEST!**



THE FUGITIVE

The two boys halted and sat down. James unfolded the map, then checked his wrist compass. He looked at the map again and pointed.

"According to my calculations it should be over there. About a mile away."

Hugh nodded. He took the field glasses from their case and aimed them in the direction James had pointed. He turned the focusing knob and the blurred picture was transformed into a clear image of the terrain ahead. The neglected landscape was high with bracken and brambles. Tall weeds flowered in profusion.

"I've never seen a more desolate and deserted looking place in my life," Hugh said. "I wouldn't think anybody has been around these parts for years."

He shifted his gaze slightly and saw what they were looking for.

"There it is," he said.

As they started forward the sky above them, already darkened by heavy black clouds, was seared by the dazzling glare of lightning. Seconds later they heard the ominous roll of distant thunder. James looked up. Great billowing rain clouds were sweeping in from the sea. There was another flash of lightning. The bellow of thunder that followed seemed closer this time.

The boys found themselves running on the steep downward slope of the hill, charging and barging through the thick undergrowth that was often taller than them.

Finally they pushed through a thicket of towering weed and were confronted by the fence. It stood some ten feet high. The chain link of its close mesh was dark orange with rust. The fence was topped with coiled barbed wire. It was a formidable barrier.

They paused to read a faded and peeling notice. Above the lettering was a grim looking skull and crossbones painted in red. Then came the words 'DANGER. KEEP OUT. LIVE EXPLOSIVES.' Further along the fence was another notice that proclaimed 'DANGER. UNEXPLODED AMMUNITION AND MINEFIELDS.'

They moved on about another fifty yards. Suddenly James tripped and fell. His foot had gone into a deep furrow hollowed out by a dog or badger. The earth had been scooped away exposing the base of the wire. James looked at it.

"Give me a hand," he said.

Together they started to claw more of the loose soil aside, deepening and widening the rut. James took hold of the bottom of the wire and, using all his strength, forced it up a few inches.

"Go on. I reckon you can just about squeeze through there."

They both flinched as a great crack of thunder boomed directly above their heads. It was like some dreadful warning.

The village stood at the very centre of the disused artillery range. A hundred years earlier it had been the heart of a moderately prosperous community that drew its wealth from the tin mines. But as the vein of tin started to run out, times became harder. Then came a pit disaster that entombed more than twenty men. The mine owner was trapped with his men and, despite desperate rescue attempts, their bodies were never recovered.

The villagers slowly drifted away to find employment elsewhere. When the last family moved the village was left to decay.

Legends grew up in the district that the village was haunted by the tortured spirits of the dead miners. Local people gave the place a wide berth.

Wind and weather began to take their toll. Timbers rotted. Slates fell from roofs. Rain started to seep into the stonework. Nature began to reclaim the area. Ivy scaled the walls. Ash and elder took root in the cracked paving. Weeds and grasses found footholds between the bricks.

After thirty years no one ever went there. The village was forgotten. Very few people even knew it existed.

In 1939 the army designated the area as a firing range. Wire fencing was erected to enclose thousands of acres of land. From the sea, warships fired their big guns. Attack aircraft practised bombing runs. Commandos trained for assault landings. To create realistic war conditions, live ammunition was used. Sometimes by accident, sometimes through carelessness, live bombs, grenades, shells and bullets were lost. Minefields were forgotten. As the years went by their explosive content became more unstable and dangerous.

James Boucher and his friend Hugh had been on holiday in the area for two weeks; they were staying with Hugh's uncle.

Looking through old photographs one day, James had come across a faded sepia picture of the village in its heyday. When asked about it, Hugh's uncle told them what he knew: the legends, the history. He also added that there was a story that old men told concerning treasure. It was said that the mine-owner had kept his wealth hidden somewhere in the village, but the secret had died with him.



When he had finished, Hugh's uncle had warned them most severely that they were not, on any account, to go near the place. "It's a death trap," he said. "Unexploded weapons everywhere. Not to mention the old mineshafts."

For the two boys the story was filled with mystery and adventure. For days they talked of nothing else. Despite the warnings they were drawn slowly and irresistibly to explore the deserted village. They planned in secret, then, starting out on the morning of the great adventure, they were purposely vague in telling Hugh's uncle where they were going, saying only that they would not be back until dark.

Panting slightly, James reached the top of the hill. He stopped dead in his tracks. There, ahead of him, was the village. Hugh moved up beside him and together they gazed in awed silence.

The rooftops and chimneys stood out starkly against the darkening sky. The wind had dropped and everything was deathly still. And the silence. It seemed so profound, so deep that you could almost reach out and touch it. When they spoke they unconsciously dropped their voices to a whisper. There was something forbidding about the village. An eerie frightening atmosphere that seemed to be warning trespassers away.

James felt that both he and Hugh needed some reassurance. Out of sheer bravado he shouted loudly, "Is there anybody about?"

His voice echoed back at him several times before it trailed away to nothing and the silence raced in again to fill the rent made by his shout.

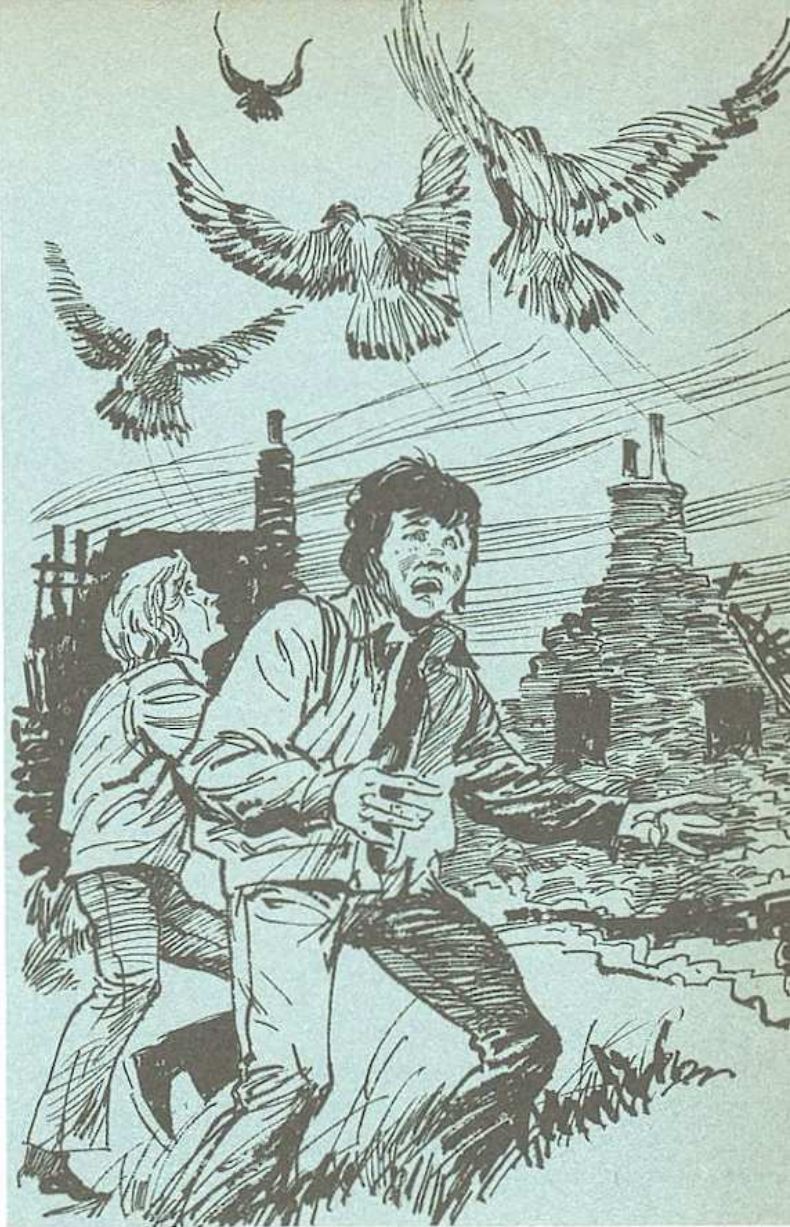
They moved on. Hugh stopped sharply. He nudged James and pointed down at the thick undergrowth beside the track. Nestling among the grass, looking like the eggs of some prehistoric bird, were two hand-grenades, the rusted pins still in position. The boys circled around them and moved on into what had been the main street of the village.

A light cold breeze whispered around them, making them shiver. The grass and bushes stirred and muttered as though voicing a warning. An ancient door moved in the wind. It creaked and groaned, making the sound of a creature in terrible pain. There was a sudden alarming clatter as some pigeons flapped away from their nest.

James stared around at the unwelcoming houses. "There's not much to see, is there?"

Hugh agreed with him eagerly.

James tried to make his voice sound casual. "Bit boring really. Not much point in hanging about."



Hugh adopted the same casual note. "Bit of a let down really. I think I'd rather have gone fishing."

James jumped at the opportunity to retreat with dignity. "Me too," he said. "If we started back now we could have the rest of the day out in the boat."

They both turned gratefully to start back the way they had come.

In the same instant a large drop of rain splattered on to James's neck. He looked up. Several rainspots splashed on to his face. In only seconds the rain built into a torrential downpour, closing like a curtain around them, lashing down and bouncing on the dry ground.

The boys raced to the nearest house and threw themselves inside. The doorless opening led directly into a small room. It was cold and miserable. What little plaster was left on the walls was cracked and flaking. The rain pounded on the roof. A trickle of water snaked down a wall, creeping through some space left by a fallen tile.

There was a sudden dazzling flash of lightning. The boys jerked their heads back, blinking against the glare and blinded momentarily by the intensity of the flare. Their vision returned as the thunder clapped above them.

But it was not the thunder that surprised them. They stared open mouthed. They turned and looked at one another in amazement and then back at the road.

"Where did he come from?" whispered James.

And in the same instant Hugh said, "He wasn't there a second ago."

The body of a man lay sprawled in the middle of the road. He made no movement and seemed oblivious of the drenching rain.

The boys ran out into the rain. James knelt on the wet ground and put his ear close to the man's mouth. He said: "He's breathing."

Hugh grabbed the man's feet while James lifted his shoulders. He was a big man and heavy. It took all their strength to stagger with him to the house. They laid him gently on the floor and had their first good look at him.

There was something about his face that made him look vaguely foreign. His eyes were slightly slanting. His cheekbones were pronounced. His clothes too were unusual. He wore what seemed to be a one-piece coverall in a material that had the dull sheen of black plastic, but the touch of the cloth was like the softest cashmere wool. There was something else that was odd. Although the man had lain in the rain for what must have been two or three minutes, his clothes were perfectly dry.

"We'd better try and make him comfortable," Hugh said. "Take that thing off." He pointed to the close fitting helmet-like hat that covered the man's head. It was fastened by a strap beneath his chin.

As Hugh made to loosen it he jerked his hand away quickly. "It's sort of tingling," he said in surprise. "Like a mild electric shock."

He tried again and finally pulled the helmet off. It revealed that the man had quite long hair of a startling white-gold colour.

With alarming suddenness the man's eyes opened and stared, unblinkingly.

Hugh recoiled in alarm. The pupils of the man's eyes were as clear and colourless as glass. And they seemed to glow as though lit by an inner light.

The eyes turned to look first at James, then at Hugh. The man's face wore a slightly bewildered expression. He sat up and said, "Garnna rate lento farraa?"

Politely James said, "I beg your pardon?"

The man gave a puzzled look then, speaking slowly as though the words were difficult for him, he asked, "Where am I?"

It was Hugh who answered. "You're in an old house in an abandoned village."

The man looked quite cross. "No, no, no!" he said. "What is the name of this planet?"

Hugh and James exchanged a brief glance. "Er . . . Earth," James said.

The man smiled. "That is excellent," he said. "And the year?"

"Nineteen seventy-seven," James replied.

"Even better," the man said, climbing to his feet. "I have always wished to visit Earth in primitive times." He put his hand to his head to brush back his hair, then showed sudden alarm. "My insulator!" he snapped. He snatched it up from the floor. In an angry voice he said, "Why did you take it off?"

"We were trying to make you more comfortable," James answered meekly.

In a gesture of frustration the man punched his clenched fist into his open palm several times. "Kuturi!" he said. The boys didn't know what the word meant but the way he said it made it sound like a curse. "Now they will be able to locate me," he said. "I must move again."

He pushed back his left sleeve to reveal a matchbox-sized gadget strapped to his wrist. The face of the box was covered with red glass, and beneath it tiny points of light flickered in a random pattern. The man pressed a button on the side of the device. It gave a weak bleeping sound.

The man looked nervous. "Its energy is exhausted. It will take at least an hour before it can re-cycle to full transmission power. We will have to hold them off until then."

He crossed quickly to the window and stared out. The heavy rain almost obscured the view.

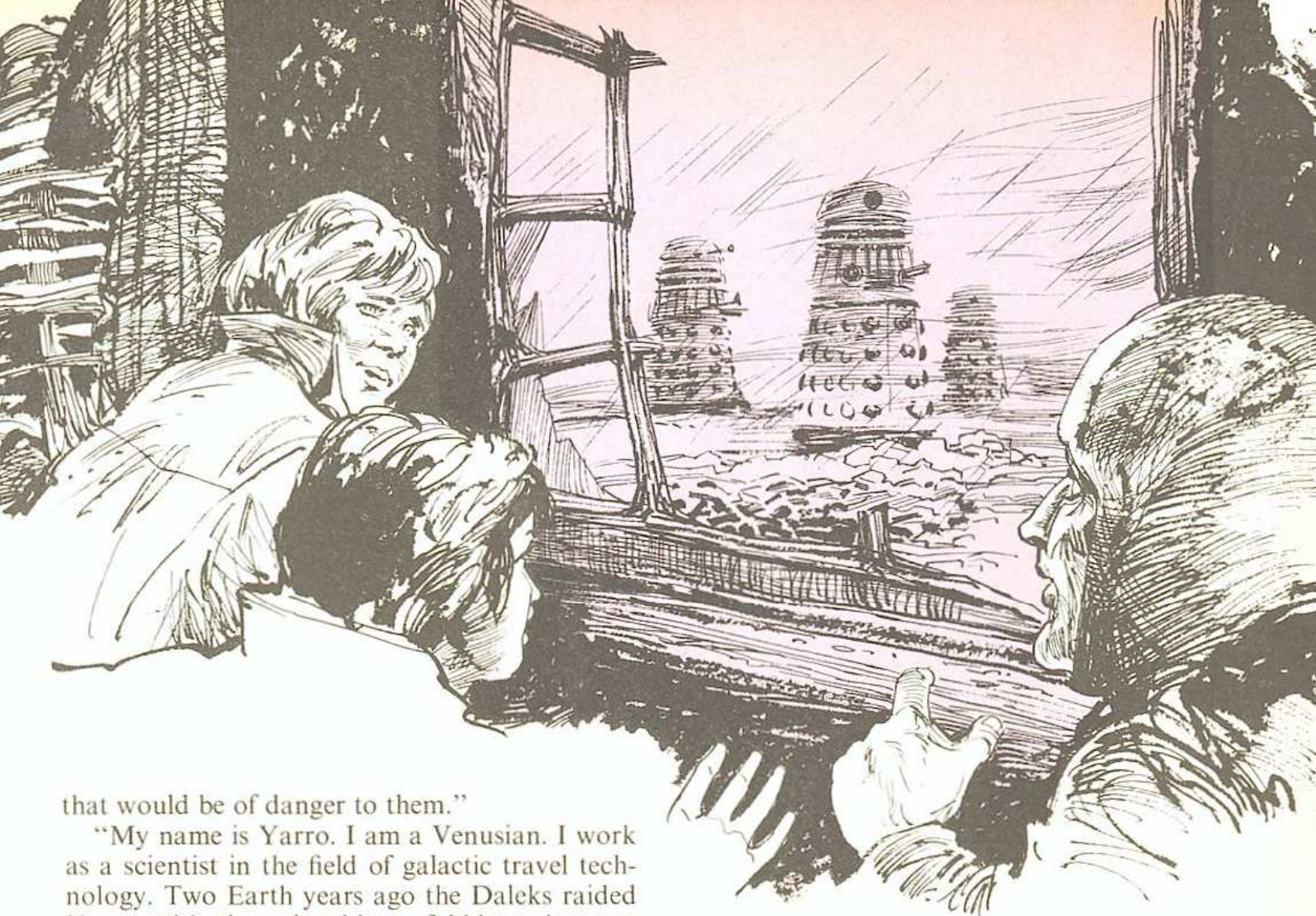
"Will you help me?" the man asked, his voice very serious.

James nodded unsurely. "If we can. But please, tell us something. Where did you come from? One minute the street was empty. Next minute there you were. And how can we help you? What do you want us to do?"

The man considered. Then, nodding, said, "If I ask you to risk your lives, you are entitled to know everything."

"Risk our lives?!!!" The boys spoke as one.

"They may be here already," the man said, "searching for me. They will attempt to exterminate anybody with whom I have had contact for fear that I might have passed on knowledge



that would be of danger to them.”

“My name is Yarro. I am a Venusian. I work as a scientist in the field of galactic travel technology. Two Earth years ago the Daleks raided Venus with the sole object of kidnapping me. Since then I have been their prisoner on Skaro and forced to work for them on their time-space travel projects. To ensure that I was unable to escape they performed a small surgical operation.” He pushed back the hair from behind his ear to reveal a tiny puckered scar. “They inserted a locator into my skull. It constantly transmits a directional beam and with their instruments they can locate exactly where I am anywhere in the Universe. While I was working for them I secretly constructed the insulator helmet. It is made from a material that blocks all transmissions from the locator. When you removed it from my head the signal was released. I know that the Daleks will have monitored it and will now know exactly where I am.”

“We’re sorry,” said Hugh lamely.

Yarro shrugged. “You were not to know. But let me continue. After the helmet was ready I made a space-time transporter.” He indicated the instrument on his wrist. “It is crude and old fashioned, but the best I could do.”

It looked anything but crude and old fashioned, but the boys said nothing. Neither were they capable of saying much as they listened, only half believing the fantastic story.

Yarro glanced nervously out of the window

again and then went on, “The instrument is not sophisticated enough to allow me to choose my time and destination. So, when I activated it I had no idea where I was going. That is how I came to be here. Now I shall have to move on again, but that will not be possible until the power has had time to regenerate. And, as I said, that will take at least an hour. It is vital that when the Daleks arrive we keep them at bay for that length of time. Then I can escape to another time and another planet.”

It was all too much for James. The story was just too fanciful, too extraordinary. He was about to say, “Do you expect us to believe all that rubbish?” But before he could speak there was a sound from outside . . . a grating, rumbling sound.

All three of them leaped to the window and peered out carefully. For a moment they saw nothing, then through the chain curtain of rain they saw a shape. Then another and another. Misty and distorted but unmistakable. They were Daleks.

A croaking metallic voice floated toward them. “We-know-you-are-here-Yarro. Give-yourself-up-or-suffer-the-consequences.”



Hugh pointed to a narrow window in the wall behind them. "We could get through there," he said hoarsely.

Yarro leaped to the opening. He peered out cautiously, then said, "I'll lead the way. Stay close to me." He scrambled lithely through the window.

Hugh followed out into the pounding rain.

As James clambered up to follow, the first of the Daleks appeared at the big window. "Halt," it grated. "Halt."

James propelled himself through the narrow gap with the speed of a bullet leaving a gun. He heard the crackle and saw the glare of the neutron charge as the Dalek fired. The stonework crumbled to dust around the window, but James was through. He fell flat on his face in a muddy lane.

The lane itself was flanked by the high back walls of the houses. Fifty yards ahead was an opening that looked as though it led into open country. They had covered half the distance towards it when Hugh shouted a warning. "Look out!"

A Dalek glided into sight, blocking their escape.

The trio skidded to a halt. Yarro looked around desperately. There was an ancient wooden door in the high wall. Without hesitation he launched himself at it, crashing against it with his shoulder. The rotted wood splintered and crumbled under his assault. The impetus carried Yarro through the doorway and into the garden beyond. The boys followed swiftly, hearing the rumbling sound made by the Dalek as it came along the lane behind them.

From the garden they went into another decaying house. Yarro said, "Come on, we'll get out through the other side." He started forward.

There was a groaning, creaking sound and the floor timbers, sapped of their strength by time, gave way beneath their feet.

Yarro and Hugh, who were in the lead, had no chance. They plunged downward through a hole in the splintering timber to crash in a painful heap in the cellar below.

James was more fortunate, being a few paces behind. As the floor broke he threw himself back onto the safety of the stone threshold.

James peered down into the blackness. "Are you alright?" he asked in a frightened voice.

The answer was slow in coming, then Yarro's echoing voice said, "Nothing broken. Just a bit shaken up." Then Hugh said, "I think I've twisted my ankle. But I can just about stand on it."

James glanced back out across the garden. He could hear the sound of the Dalek coming closer. "Can you get out of there?" he whispered down the hole.

"There's a door and some steps. The door is locked and I can't open it," Yarro called back. "We're trapped."

James spun around at a sound. The Dalek was moving through the broken door at the end of the garden, moving straight towards him.

"I'll try and lead them off," James said in a low voice. Then he moved quickly to the door and stepped outside. He made certain that the Dalek saw him, but only for a brief second. Then he jumped forwards and vaulted over the dividing wall into the next garden. James fell into a huge bed of nettles, but his fear anaesthetized him to their stings. The blaze of Dalek fire withered the tops of the tall grasses and weeds above his head. Despite the downpour they burst into flames in the intense heat of the neutron blast.

He started to run towards the end of the village. Two Daleks appeared ahead of him.

James veered and swung around like a rugby player and dived into an alley before the Daleks could even take aim. He ran and ran until his lungs were bursting, never looking back, but knowing the Daleks were not far behind.

He was out of the village now, racing through the wet whipping grass and briars. He tripped and went sprawling. As he started to pick himself up, he halted and stared. Lying in the grass a few feet from him was a fallen notice board. Its message was so faded and weatherworn as to be hardly legible. James could just make out the

words beneath the skull and crossbones. They read 'Danger. Minefield.' James twisted around quickly. The two Daleks were about a thousand yards behind him and coming forward fast. The only way he could go was straight ahead!

Hugh and Yarro pressed back against the wall in the darkness of the cellar. They made not the slightest sound, not even daring to breathe. They could see the base of the Dalek at the edge of the jagged hole above them. It stayed there for what seemed an age, then it began to back away.

When they felt it was safe, Yarro and Hugh moved to the cellar door. Unlike the floor timbers it was of solid thick oak, its hinges of heavy iron. Yarro heaved at it. Hugh added his weight. The door remained unyielding.

Yarro scanned the almost black cellar. "Over in that corner. Some of the paving slabs are loose."

Hugh began to get excited. "It's possible there's a tunnel or something. Perhaps even just into the next house. But it could be a way out."

Yarro nodded. They both knelt and forced their fingers into the narrow crack between the stones. They strained and forced, but there was no movement. Then slowly, fractionally, the slab began to rise. As it inched up, Yarro was able to take a firmer grip and heave the stone aside. Their hopes of finding an escape route were instantly dashed. All that lay beneath was a cavity about two feet deep.

"No way out through here," Yarro said. "Just some sort of hiding place."

He reached an arm down into the cavity and lifted out a large metal box. From the effort he used to raise it, it was evident that the box was very heavy. He carried it to the patch of light that filtered through the hole in the roof.

The hasp was badly rusted. It twisted and snapped easily as Yarro pulled at the lock. The hinges creaked as he raised the lid. The box was filled to near overflowing with golden sovereigns.

Hugh could hardly speak. His mouth was dry. "The treasure," he croaked. "The mine owner's treasure."

Yarro picked up one of the sovereigns, looked at it, then tossed it back disdainfully. "Useless!" he said.

Hugh looked at him in amazement. "But it's gold," he said. "Gold."

"Is that what you call it on Earth?" Yarro said dismissively. "On Venus we call it tarron. It's a very common metal. You can pick it up anywhere."

Hugh let some of the coins trickle through his fingers. "There's a fortune here," he said. "There's enough money here to . . ."

His sentence was cut short by a rasping metallic voice from above them.

"You-will-stand-still. The-slightest-movement-and-you-will-be-exterminated!"

The Dalek was poised at the edge of the hole, its neutronic blaster levelled directly at the two fugitives.

Yarro, his voice grave, looked at Hugh. "I'm afraid," he said, "that my escape attempt has failed. The Daleks will take me back now."

"And what about me?" Hugh asked.

Yarro's answer sounded almost casual. "The Daleks have no alternative. They will have to exterminate you."

On hands and knees, James edged forward through the tall soaking grass. He could hear the two Daleks crashing about in the bracken some distance behind him. He reached out a hand and then withdrew it sharply, narrowly avoiding putting it on a land mine that poked from its thin covering of soil. It was the tenth mine he'd seen in the last fifty yards. Heaven only knew how many more were hidden all around him.

James knew that it was only a matter of time before the Daleks spotted him, and already a desperate plan had started to form in his mind.

The Daleks were slightly to his right and just over one hundred yards away. They had their





backs to him, moving away. James cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted. "Daleks! Over here!"

They spun around in an instant to face him.

He saw the sudden flare from the Dalek's neutronic blaster. He felt a wave of hot air sweep over him and took consolation in the fact that the range was too great and the strength of the charge had dissipated.

James watched as they sped towards him. Closer. Still closer. The distance closed and James knew he must now be in range. They were very near now and James felt the ice of fear stiffen his spine. His plan had failed.

Then it happened. The Dalek on the left lurched slightly. There was an enormous explosion as the land mine detonated. James put his hands to his ears and threw himself to the ground. There was a second explosion. Then a third and a fourth as the mines went off in a chain reaction.

Almost deafened by the noise, his ears ringing, James raised his head. There were craters of freshly turned earth all around him. He brushed himself down and stared. Then he grinned with satisfaction. The torn, ripped-out shells of the Daleks were little more than smouldering wrecks.

Part one of the plan had succeeded. But there was still Hugh and Yarro to be rescued and one more Dalek to deal with. James started to run back towards the village.

The Dalek said, "Move-and-stand-against-

the-wall." Yarro and Hugh did as they were ordered.

The Dalek raised its weapon and levelled it directly at Hugh.

An oval metal object rolled across the ground and halted against the base of the Dalek. The sound took its attention for a moment. Another metal egg clunked up to join it. From somewhere Hugh heard James's voice yelling, "Duck!"

Yarro and Hugh threw themselves to the ground in the same instant that the hand grenades exploded. The Dalek was hurled forward. Even as it was blasting into pieces and toppling into the hole, some death reflex made its weapon fire, the full power of the neutronic charge aiming harmlessly down to the cellar floor.

When the dust cleared, all that remained of the Dalek was a twisted mass of metal and wiring.

As Yarro and Hugh picked themselves up they saw James's grinning face. "Sorry I was so long," he said. "I had a terrible time finding those two hand grenades again."

When James had told of his adventures, Hugh excitedly beckoned him to follow down the cellar steps.

The three of them pushed aside the mangled remains of the Dalek. Hugh looked around in alarm. The metal box was still there, but there was no sign of the gold.

"It must have caught the full blast of the Dalek's neutronic charge," Yarro said casually. "Gold vaporises if it is exposed to that sort of power. It is turned into minute atoms that just drift about in the atmosphere. I told you it was a useless metal."

It had stopped raining. Yarro stood with the boys in the empty village street.

"Thank you," he said simply. "Had the Daleks recaptured me, I should have been forced to develop weapons that would give them still greater power. You have saved not only *my* life but perhaps the lives of millions. Thank you."

He pressed a switch on the device on his wrist. A glow of red seemed to spread over him. He grew slowly transparent and then he was gone.

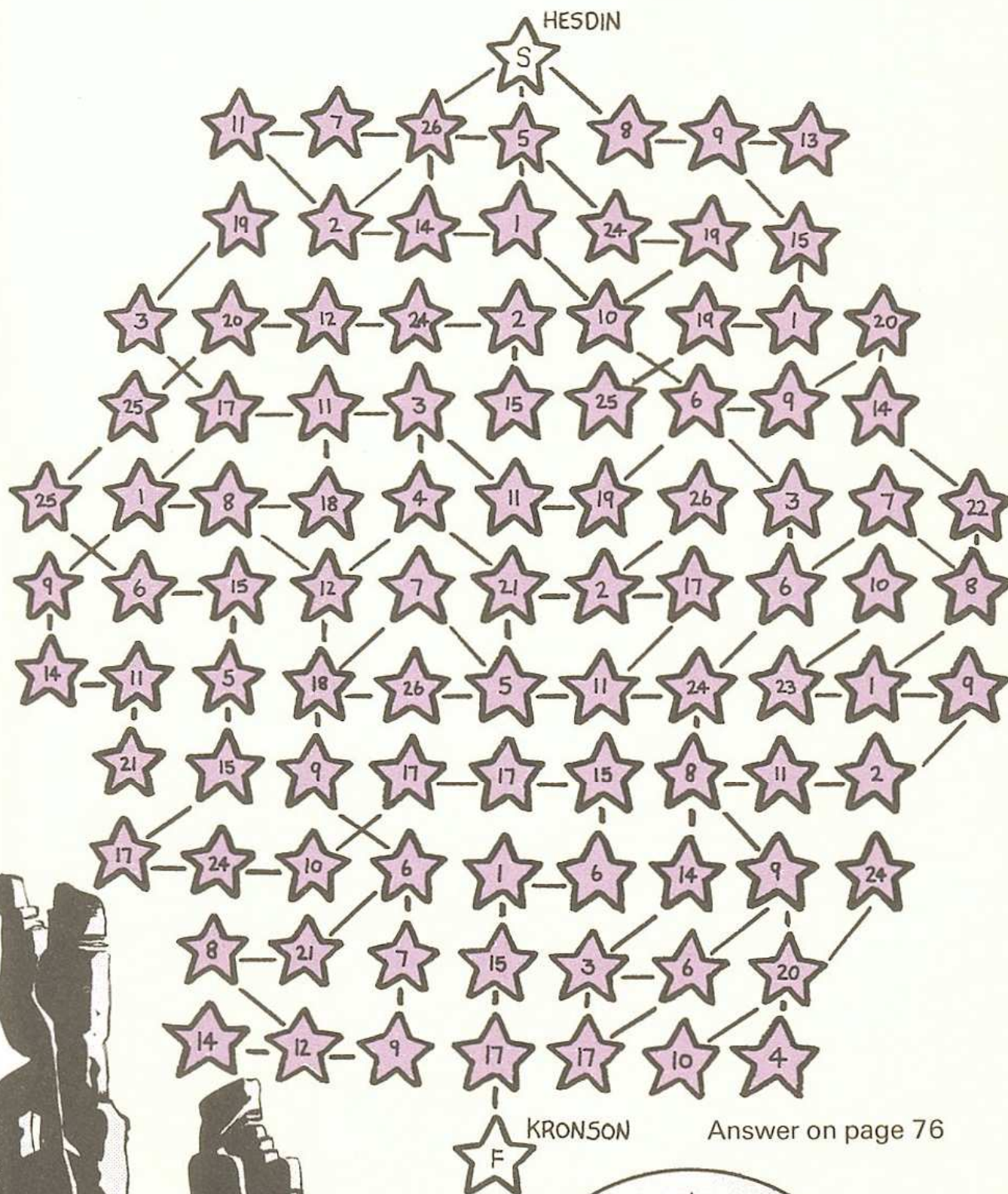
"Let's go home," James said.

At supper that night Hugh's uncle said, "You missed all the excitement. Apparently there were a lot of big explosions up at the old firing range. They say you could see the flashes from miles away. The authorities reckon it must have been the lightning that struck them and set them off."

"Perhaps it was," said James wearily.

startrack

Navigate a route through The Great Maze of the outer worlds, starting at the planet Hesdin and ending on Kronson. List the numbers of all the planets you pass; then, using the codebreaker below, translate the numbers into letters to find the secret message.



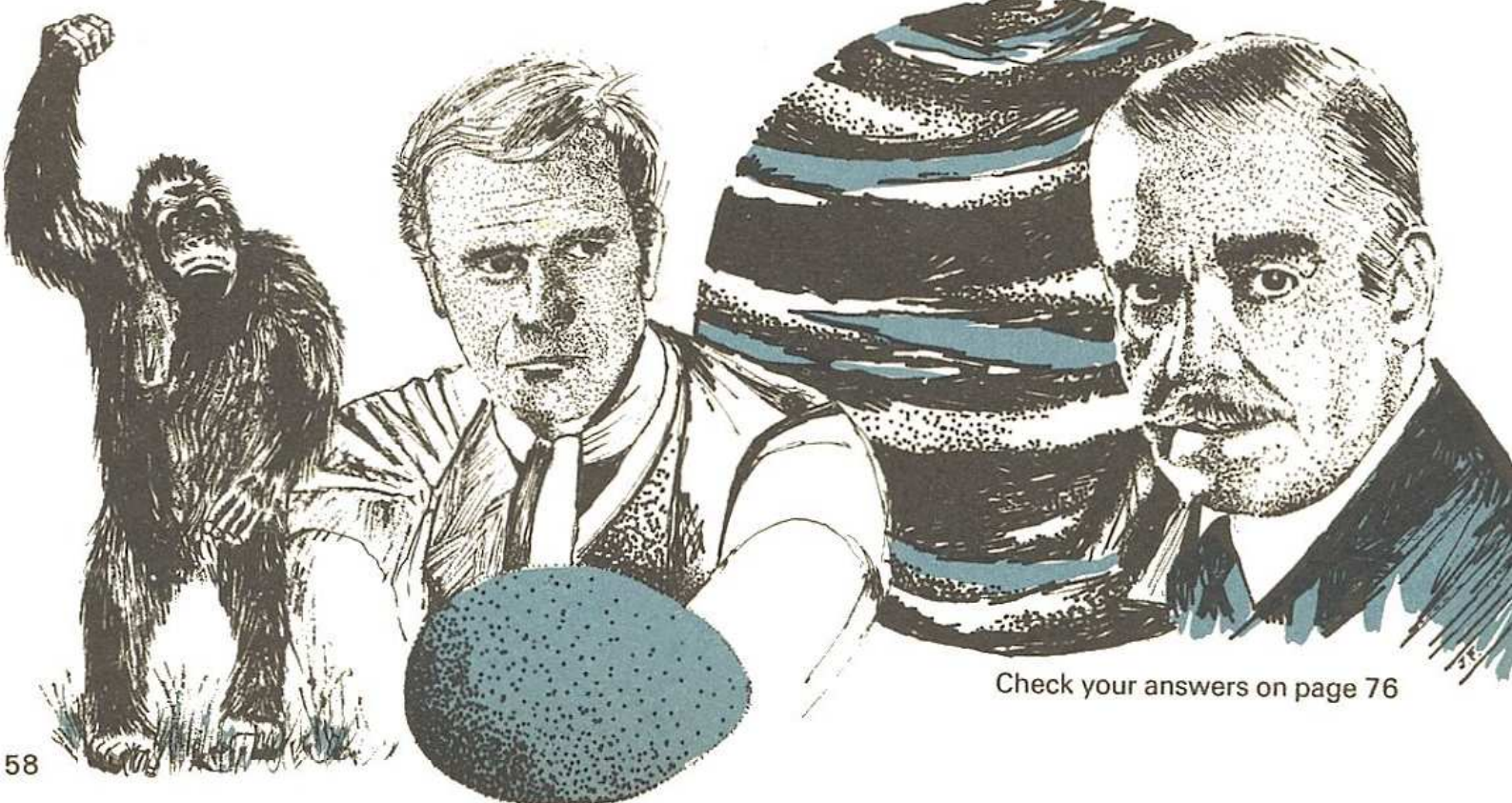
Answer on page 76

CODEBREAKER:

A	19	B	7	C	26	D	1	E	15	F	4	G	23	H	9	I	20	J	18	K	2	L	25	M	11	N	6	O	21	P	14	Q	3	R	17	S	24	T	8	U	10	V	5	W	12	X	22	Y	16	Z	13
---	----	---	---	---	----	---	---	---	----	---	---	---	----	---	---	---	----	---	----	---	---	---	----	---	----	---	---	---	----	---	----	---	---	---	----	---	----	---	---	---	----	---	---	---	----	---	----	---	----	---	----

SCIENCE FICTION QUESTIONS

1. Name (in order) the first four actors who have played 'Dr. Who' on television.
2. Mary Shelley created one of the greatest creatures in Science Fiction. Can you name it?
3. What is the name of the submarine and its commander in '20,000 Leagues Under The Sea'?
4. Name the film in which the world was menaced by gigantic spiders.
5. The Invisible Man has appeared in countless films and television episodes. Can you name the actor who first played the role on film?
6. Who, in Greek mythology, flew too near the Sun?
7. In which film were a medical team and a submarine miniaturised so they could be injected into a human artery?
8. In what year did the Daleks first appear on television?
9. John Wyndham's novel *The Midwich Cuckoos* was filmed under another name. What was the film's title?
10. Jeff Hawke, Buck Rogers, Dan Dare and Flash Gordon were all space heroes. What else did they have in common?
11. From which planet did Earth's invaders come in *War of the Worlds*?
12. What is considered the first S/F film ever made?
13. Name the actor who commanded the space ship that landed on *The Planet of the Apes* (film version).
14. William Pratt was the real name of an actor who appeared in many S/F movies. He was much more famous in the name he adopted. What was it?
15. Mighty Joe Young, Son of Kong, and King Kong were all gigantic versions of what creature?
16. What was brought to Earth in the film *20 Million Miles to Earth*?
17. 'United Planets Cruiser C57D', 'Galileo', 'Discovery' and 'Enterprise' are names of four space craft. In which films or television series did they appear?
18. In *Fahrenheit 451*, what was the significance of this temperature?
19. The authors of *From Earth to the Moon* and *The First Men on the Moon* please.
20. Captain Kirk had countless space adventures in which television series?



Check your answers on page 76

THE TIME COMPUTER

Housed at ADF headquarters is a vast and complex piece of equipment known as the 'TIME-COMPUTER'. If you feed into it the Date, Month and Year, it can accurately determine on which day that date fell over a period of two centuries.

Now, by doing a very simple calculation, you can perform the same feat. It can be very handy. Virtually everybody knows their birthdate, but very few know the actual day on which they were born. Try your brothers, sisters, parents and friends. Handy too at school. When you are given the date of a battle or an event you can discover the very day it took place. When people realise you are finding the exact dates out of more than seven thousand three hundred dates you can get yourself the reputation of being a human computer. One other advantage. You can look into the future. Right up to the year 2000.

COMPUTER ONE

MONTH VALUE SCALE

JAN 1	JUL 0
FEB 4	AUG 3
MAR 4	SEP 6
APR 0	OCT 1
MAY 2	NOV 4
JUN 5	DEC 6

LEAP YEAR ADJUSTMENT.

IN A LEAP YEAR: JAN VALUE	0
FEB VALUE	3

COMPUTER TWO

DAY VALUE SCALE

SUN	1
MON	2
TUES	3
WED	4
THUR	5
FRI	6
SAT	0

YEAR SCALE

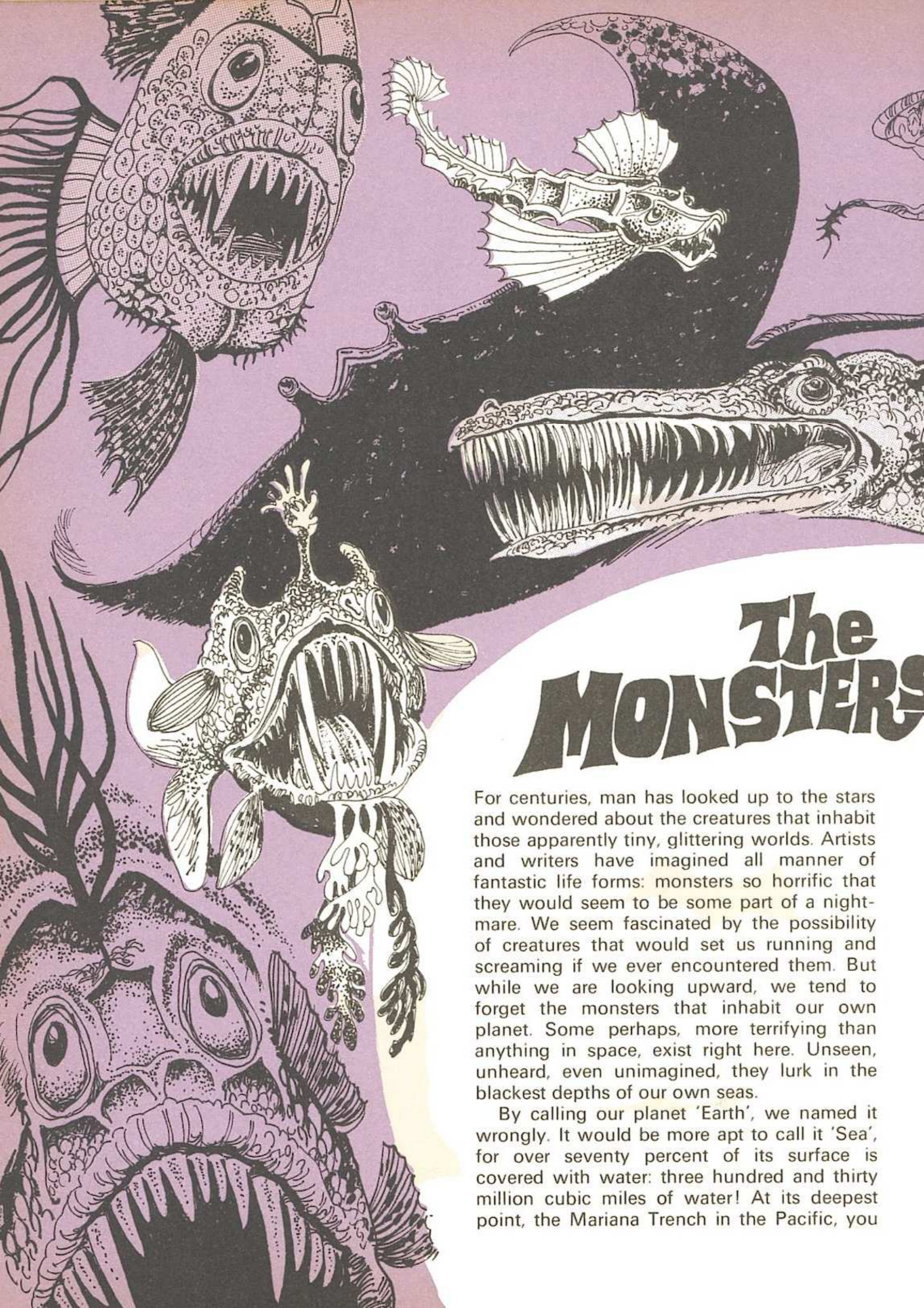
1900	-	2000	0
1800	-	1900	2

This is how it is done. For an example let us find out: On what day did AUGUST 8th 1930 fall?

Write down the last two figures of the year.	30
Next, divide this figure by four. Ignore anything that remains. ($30 \div 4 = 7$)	7
Add the month value from Computer 1. (Aug = 3)	3
Add the date of the day.	8
Add the year value from Computer 2. (In this case 0)	0
Total:	48

Now you divide this total by 7, ($48 \div 7 = 6$ and 6 remaining). It is the remainder that is the vital figure. Check this number against the day scale on Computer 2 and you will see that AUGUST 8th 1930 was a FRIDAY.

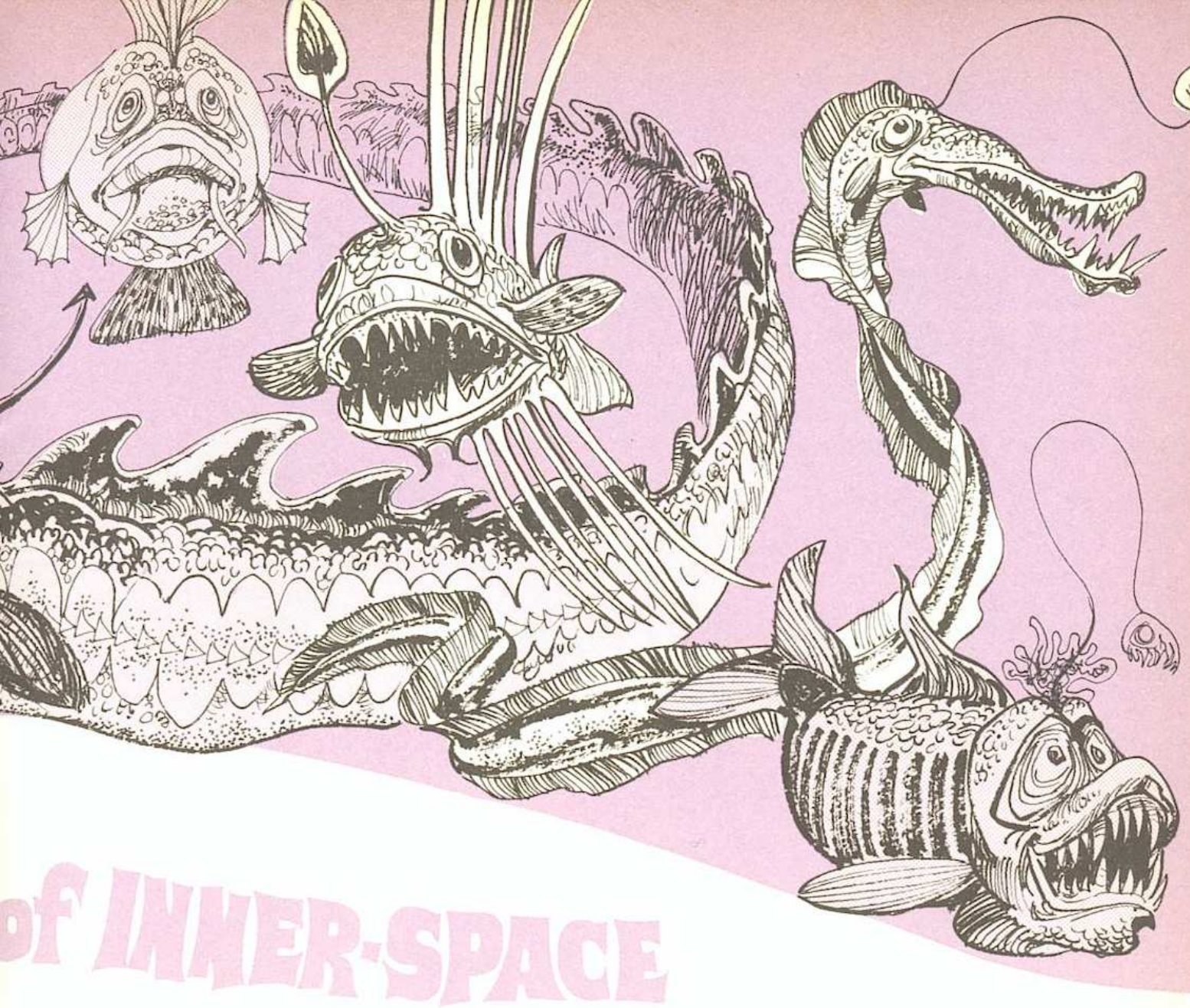
Now, following the same formula, try some dates of your own. A little practice and you'll be an expert.



The MONSTERS

For centuries, man has looked up to the stars and wondered about the creatures that inhabit those apparently tiny, glittering worlds. Artists and writers have imagined all manner of fantastic life forms: monsters so horrific that they would seem to be some part of a nightmare. We seem fascinated by the possibility of creatures that would set us running and screaming if we ever encountered them. But while we are looking upward, we tend to forget the monsters that inhabit our own planet. Some perhaps, more terrifying than anything in space, exist right here. Unseen, unheard, even unimagined, they lurk in the blackest depths of our own seas.

By calling our planet 'Earth', we named it wrongly. It would be more apt to call it 'Sea', for over seventy percent of its surface is covered with water: three hundred and thirty million cubic miles of water! At its deepest point, the Mariana Trench in the Pacific, you



of INNER-SPACE

would have to dive thirty-five thousand, eight hundred feet before you reached the bottom. At this depth there is total darkness. No glimmer of sunlight ever reaches it. And no one knows the secrets that the darkness holds, nor the creatures that live there.

Ancient mariners told of the fabled Kraken, a sea-beast so enormous that it could swallow a sailing ship. The Loch Ness Monster, so long treated as a joke, has been the subject of serious scientific investigation recently, and there is much evidence, though still disputed, that the creature really does exist.

A research vessel lowered a three-foot iron hook down to a depth of one thousand five hundred feet. It caught something large, but the creature escaped before it could be hauled in. The iron hook had been bent straight!

Sonar investigations of the deep have shown huge moving shapes far below the surface. No scientist is willing to predict what

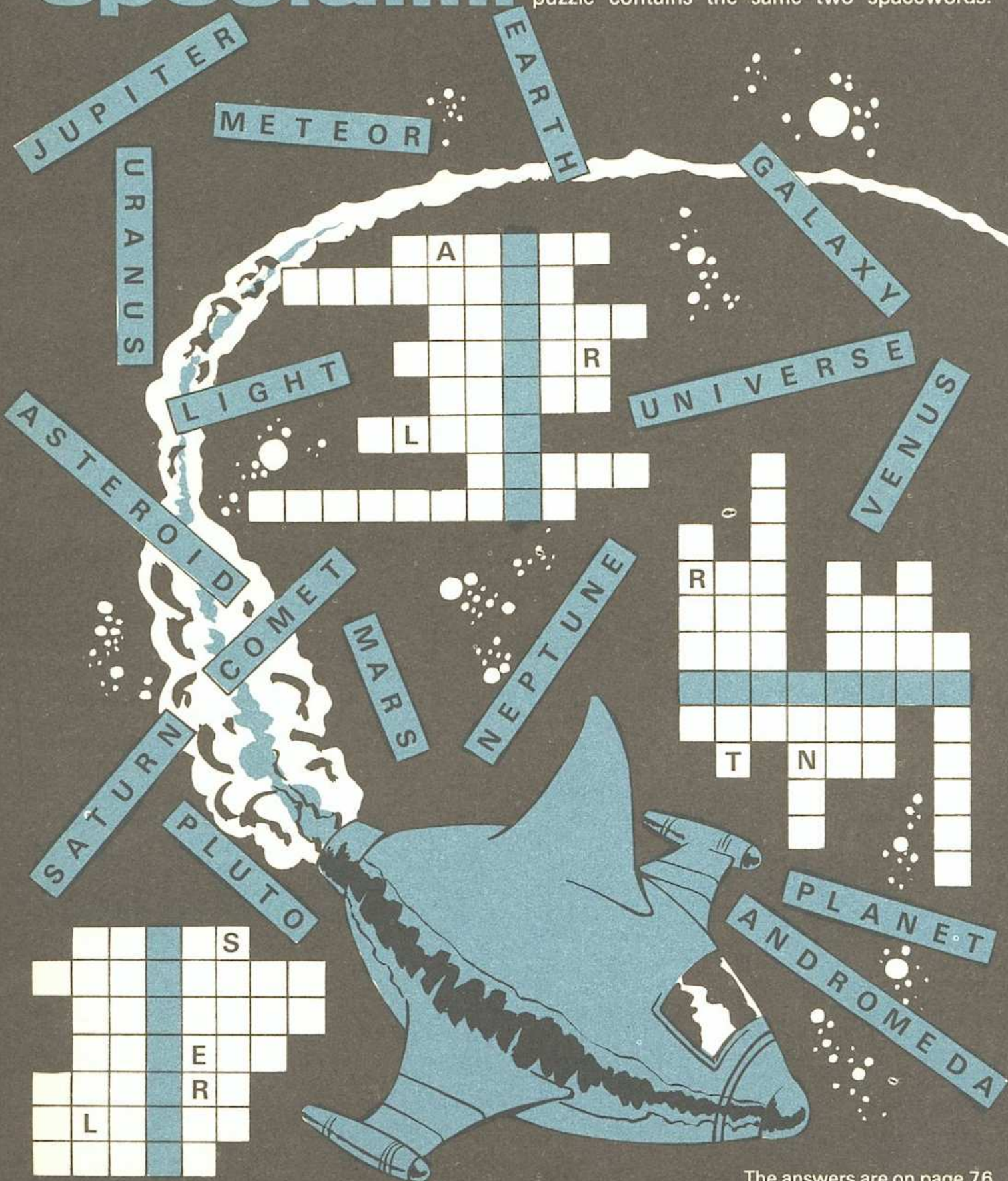
kind of monsters they may be. It is known that creatures that live at these great depths would have adapted to the fantastic pressure of the ocean, and would look grotesque and frightening.

The Giant Manta Ray, looking like some vast bat, can weigh over a ton and a half, its 'wingspan' spreading more than twenty feet. Gigantic eels, perhaps more than ninety feet long, are a strong possibility. Sharks and whales would look like sardines compared to them!

But far more fascinating than all the sea monsters that have been seen are the ones that remain undiscovered. For they are the ones on which we can allow our imaginations to run riot. Next time you go paddling at the seaside, don't look up and wonder about space, look out at the water and think about the secrets that it still hides.

SPACEWORD special....

Sixteen spacewords and three puzzles. Select the spacewords that fit the squares and write them into the diagrams. If you have chosen correctly, the heavily lined part of the diagram will provide another spaceword. No single puzzle contains the same two spacewords.



The answers are on page 76

SURVIVAL

On making his approach to the planet Aridon, Joel Shaw's single seater rocket ship was damaged by meteorites. Before touchdown he was able to seal himself into his survival suit and calculate that he would crash about two hundred miles from the planet's only space settlement. Aridon was a large planet and the settlement was almost at the centre of the perpetually sunlit surface. Shaw knew that the planet had virtually no oxygen and almost zero gravity. There was no life form either animal or vegetable, and there was no liquid. Shaw brilliantly crash-landed the ship and stepped out of the wreckage unharmed. He rescued what he could from the ship and checked it over to see what might be useful to him on his long walk. What did he take with him?

The answers are on page 76



Anti-Dalek Force Aptitude Tests

Those seeking promotion in the ADF undergo a series of rigorous tests. Run a check on yourself and see how you rate in the promotion race.

Have a pencil and paper ready, and take warning: somewhere among the tests is a deliberate mistake.

TEST 1

MEMORY TEST

Below are twelve shapes. Study them carefully for two minutes. Now close the book and draw the outlines of as many of the shapes as you can remember.

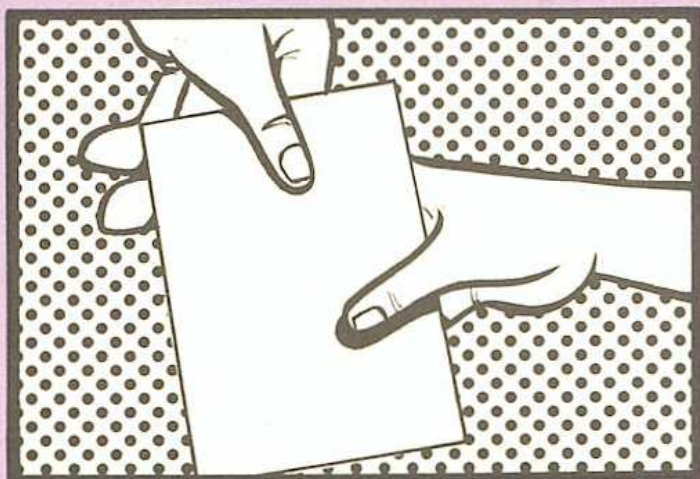
6: good; 7 to 9: excellent; 9 to 12: superior.



TEST 2A

Someone acting as tester holds a pencil horizontally keeping the tips of his forefingers against the point and the end. You place your hand over the pencil. You must keep your thumb out of the way and not hooked under the pencil. You can be as close as you like as long as you do not touch it. When you think you are prepared announce 'Ready'. The tester, choosing his time releases the pencil. You must catch it before it hits the floor.

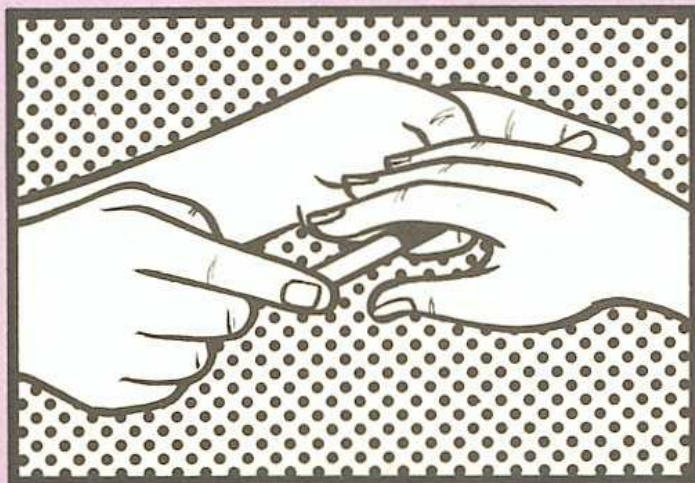
Four out of ten is an excellent score.



TEST 2

REFLEX TESTING

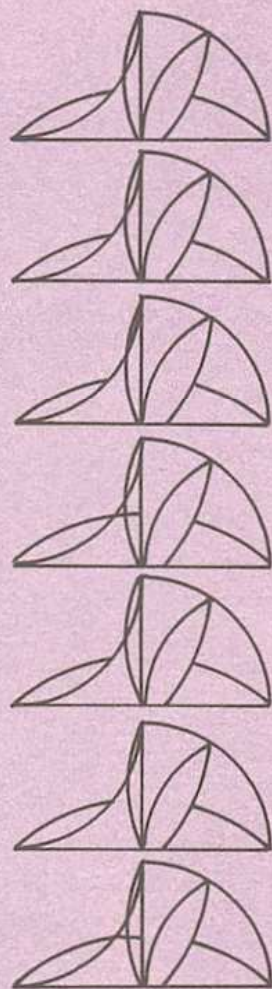
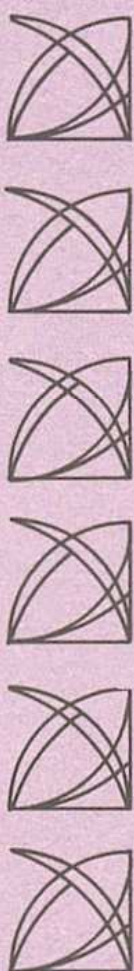
You need the assistance of a friend to try this one. Your friend holds a postcard between his thumb and forefinger. You are allowed to put your thumb and fingers around it but *not* touch it. When you are satisfied with your hand position you announce 'Ready'. After that your tester chooses the moment to release the card and let it fall. You must close your fingers on the falling card. Sounds easy? A score of three out of ten is considered excellent.



TEST 3

This is a perception test. Below are four columns of seven shapes. In each column there are two shapes the same as one another

but different to the others. Can you spot them? You have thirty seconds on each column. All must be spotted in the time limit to qualify.



TEST 4

The multi-purpose square observation test. Eight questions and eight minutes in which to answer them; five correct in the time span qualifies you for ADF membership.

- How many odd numbers appear more than once?
- How many even numbers appear more than once?
- Which number is repeated more often than any other?
- Which row, horizontal or vertical, contains only even numbers?
- Which row, horizontal or vertical, contains only uneven numbers?
- Which row or rows, vertical or horizontal, contain only one uneven number?

- Can you draw a straight line through ten numbers, vertical, horizontal or diagonal, that gives the greatest total if those numbers were added?

- What is that total?

98	23	40	18	54	30	58	22	44	68
14	88	24	56	34	16	76	62	10	45
46	12	96	72	52	48	64	20	38	60
26	50	28	86	32	74	36	63	24	82
17	66	42	11	94	16	47	20	70	24
31	52	14	69	25	84	73	32	39	51
24	60	43	18	33	24	90	64	19	27
13	24	15	41	84	21	35	92	31	55
29	37	49	49	53	75	57	79	89	65
48	59	71	24	93	61	91	87	24	97

Hidden Space Names



Hidden in each of the following sentences is a word or name that is associated with space. For example: "After a perilous journey Mark managed to penetrate the Daleks' underground headquarters". The word 'sun' is hidden between 'Daleks' and 'underground'. Here are ten more, and they may not be quite so easy:

1. Elsa turned quickly as she heard a sound behind her.
2. There was a message from the president asking if he might come to the launching of the next Moon shot.
3. Of the twenty space ships in the battle eleven used up all their fuel and were forced to retire.
4. To reach the defence zone you go up Steepstep Lane then follow the barbed wire fence.
5. The report stated that the applicant was inefficient, stupid, inept, unemployable, and a security risk.
6. The people of this planet have very good reason to fear the Daleks.
7. British Airways and Alitalia fly services between London and Rome daily.
8. It is understood that there is enough explosive stored in the Birmingham arsenal to blow up the entire city.
9. He has a new dog, I'm glad to say. His former cur yapped and howled all night.
10. The plan is to keep Luton Airport as a civil base.

Check your answers on page 76

THE PART 3 QUEST

THE MONSTRONS EXPECT NO INTERRUPTION TO THEIR CHEERLESS CELEBRATIONS. HOW CAN A PROFESSIONAL SPACE-WARRIOR CONCEIVE THAT WHILE JUST ONE DALEK LIVES...THE MOST FIERCELY BURNING, UNQUENCHABLE SPIRIT IN THE UNIVERSE LIVES ALSO!

SUDDENLY...



AS THE SPACE SHIP RAMP OPENS, THE DALEK TUMBLES INTO EMPTINESS...



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE SURVIVORS OF THE MONSTRON ATTACK EMERGE FROM THE SUBTERRANEAN RIVER TO SAFETY...



WHO CAN TELL, BUT THE DALEKS MUST LOOK FORWARD NOW. REBUILD OUR CITY... AND GUARD AGAINST ALL ENEMIES FROM THE SKIES.

THE THREAT IS PASSED... THE MENACE GONE. BUT FOR THE DALEKS THERE IS NO REST, NO TIME TO SAVOUR THE LIFE THAT WAS ALL BUT SNATCHED FROM THEM. DAY AND NIGHT THEY TOIL... DAY AND NIGHT... NIGHT AND DAY... UNTIL...

...THEIR CITIES ARE REBUILT AND THEIR DEFENCES RESTORED. BUT THE LESSON OF THE MONSTRONS HAS NOT BEEN LOST. NEWER, MORE SOPHISTICATED WEAPONRY MUST BE FOUND. NEW DEFENCES MUST BE DEVELOPED AND IF SUCH A QUEST BRINGS BLOODSHED, HAVOC AND DESTRUCTION OF WHOLE PLANETS...

...THEN SO BE IT!

SEARCHER NINE LEAVING SKARO FOR SKY TWELVE.

SEARCHER ONE TO SKARO. INVESTIGATED SATELLITE PLANET IN SKY TWENTY. DETECTED NO LIFE. PROCEEDING EAST BY NORTH EAST.

ABANDON ORDERS TO PROCEED EAST BY NORTH EAST. CIRCLE THAT DEAD SATELLITE PLANET ONCE MORE.

WE OBEY, SEARCHER ONE LEADER.

ON NEARBY PHRYNE, UNSEEN WATCHERS NOTE THE INVESTIGATING SPACE SHIP...

THIS IS SAF SPEAKING. THAT SPACE SHIP IS CIRCLING OUR MOON PLANET AGAIN. GENERAL ALERT, CONTROLLER?

EVEN IF THIS SPACE SHIP PIERCES OUR INVISIBILITY SHIELD, WE HAVE OUR ACTING RAY SHIELD AND OUR IMPULSE SHIELD TO PROTECT US. NO, THE PLANET PHRYNE IS SAFE... ALWAYS SAFE.

CONTINUE CIRCULATION ROUTE. I SHALL CONSULT THE LOGIC MACHINE. I SENSE SOMETHING IS WRONG.

NO, SAF, REMEMBER OUR INVISIBILITY SHIELD. THIS SPACE SHIP SEES ONLY OUR MOON, NOT OUR PLANET PHRYNE.

QUESTION — WHY SHOULD THERE BE ONE BALL OF MATTER SUSPENDED IN THE COSMOS?

ANSWER. EVERY SOLAR SYSTEM HAS AT LEAST ONE DEAD PLANET IN IT.

I KNEW IT! WE CAN SEE ONLY ONE DEAD PLANET. IT IS PART OF A SOLAR SYSTEM... HIDING SOMEWHERE NEAR!

THE DALEKS HAVE FOUND THEIR FIRST VICTIMS IN THEIR QUEST; VICTIMS THAT SEEK TO HIDE. TO THE DALEKS AN ENEMY THAT HIDES IS A FRIGHTENED ENEMY. A FRIGHTENED ENEMY IS A WEAK ENEMY, AND A WEAK ENEMY MUST BE CONQUERED.

BUT AMONG THE INHABITANTS OF PHRYNE IS SAF, THE CONTROLLER'S YOUNG ASSISTANT. HE IS NEITHER WEAK NOR FRIGHTENED. HE IS WORRIED. HE IS WORRIED THAT THE SECRET OF PHRYNE SHOULD FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS. HE IS ONLY TOO AWARE OF THE TERRIBLE DANGER OF SUCH A THING...

...FOR HE KNOWS THAT PHRYNE IS THE STOREHOUSE FOR THE COMBINED ACCUMULATED KNOWLEDGE OF AN ENTIRE GALAXY.

CONTROLLER!
THE ALIEN SHIP
HAS LANDED ON
OUR MOON!

I'VE LOOKED AT
THE RECORDS. NO
ONE'S BOTHERED
TO LAND THERE FOR
FIVE HUNDRED
YEARS!

DON'T PANIC, SAF.
PERHAPS THEIR
MACHINE'S FAULTY.
WE'RE INVISIBLE,
REMEMBER.

LOOK, WE'RE THE
GUARDIANS OF THE
HISTORIES, THE
TREASURES AND THE
ARTIFACTS OF OVER
A HUNDRED PLANETS.
WE DAREN'T TAKE
RISKS.

I LOVE THIS
PLANET, SAF. DO
YOU THINK I
WOULD TAKE
RISKS? BE CALM.
WHAT CAN THESE
NEW INTRUDERS
POSSIBLY DO?

SEARCHER ONE
LEADER, CONTACT
WITH SKARO HAS
BEEN ACHIEVED.

I WILL
COME

AM INVESTIGATING
A SOLAR SYSTEM WHICH
SEEMS TO BE HIDDEN BY
SOME INVISIBLE
FORCE FIELD...

WE ARE SETTING
UP MACHINERY TO
PIERCE INVISIBLE
SHIELD...

SEARCHER
ONE LEADER ABOUT
TO ISSUE REPORT.

HOLDING
FREQUENCY
9087 DAC

THIS IS SERIOUS.
YOU WERE RIGHT, SAF!
ORDER OUT A SPACE
SQUADRON TO DEAL
WITH THESE
INTRUDERS.

SQUADRON
BLASTING OFF FOR
INTERCEPTION OF
MOON INTRUDERS.

THE PHRYNE FIGHTER SQUADRON
FLIES OFF TO ENGAGE THE DALEK
FORCE IN BATTLE. THEY CLIMB
HIGH INTO THE CLEAR BLUE SKIES
HIGH ABOVE THE THINNING AIR TO
THE VERY EDGE OF THE
ATMOSPHERE...

...AND FROM THERE THEY FLY HIGHER STILL, UPWARD TOWARDS THEIR MOON, UPWARD THROUGH THE INVISIBILITY BAND AND OUT INTO THE OPEN SPACE. BUT CAN ORGANISATION AND LOGIC, SO PRIZED BY THE CULTURED PHRYNES, EVER BE A MATCH...

...FOR THE RAW, ELEMENTAL VIOLENCE OF THE DALEKS?

INTERCEPTOR SQUADRON TO BASE. ENTERING INVISIBILITY BAND NOW AND HOLDING COURSE 231/62°.

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHO THESE INTRUDERS ARE, SAF.

THE VIBRATOR MACHINE IS READY, SEARCHER LEADER.

VIBRATOR MACHINE AT FULL POWER.

OUT OF INVISIBILITY BAND NOW, SIGHTING MOON. PREPARING FOR FORMATION ATTACK.

THESE VIBRATIONS WILL BOUNCE OFF ANY PLANETS HIDDEN FROM OUR SIGHT. OPERATE MACHINE.

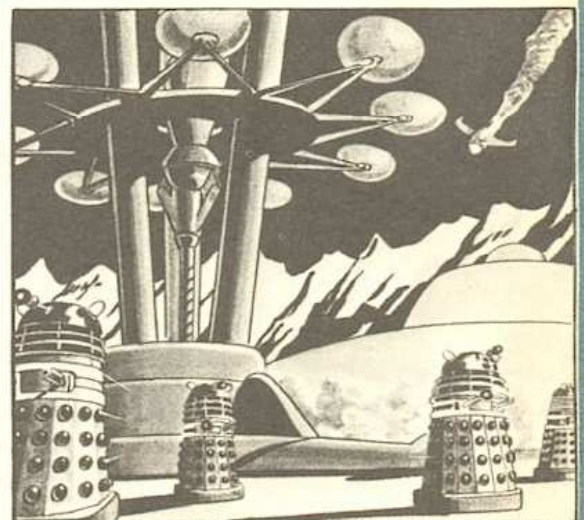
EMERGENCY! ENEMY SHIPS ATTACKING! STOP VIBRATOR! FIRING INTERCEPTOR MISSILES IMMEDIATELY.

EVADE! EVADE!! MISSILES ATTACKING! BREAK OFF FORMATION!

THE FIRST BATTLE ENDS IN DISASTER FOR THE PHRYNES. PERHAPS THE LONG CENTURIES BEHIND THE INVISIBILITY BAND HAVE DULLED THE FIGHTING EDGE. EVERYTHING THEY HAVE TRIED HAS FAILED... AND FAILURE BREEDS DESPERATION.

BUT ONLY ONE ESCAPES...

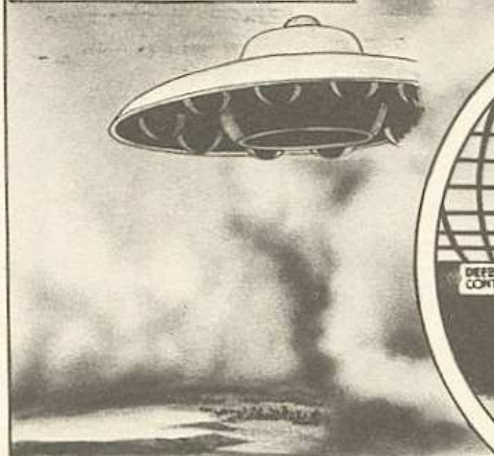
BUT IS IT MERELY DESPERATION THAT GUIDES THE HANDS OF THE LAST FIGHTER PILOT? AS HE WRESTLES WITH THE FALTERING CONTROLS OF HIS SHIP HE REALISES HE WILL NEVER RETURN TO PHRYNE. HE COULD LAND AND BEG FOR HIS LIFE... OR HE COULD DIE TO SAVE HIS WORLD!



...AND MERCY IS A QUALITY NOTICEABLY LACKING IN THE DALEK MAKE-UP. THE CHIPS ARE DOWN AND THE DIE IS CAST... TO THE WINNER THE SPOILS!

AND YET THE PHRYNES ARE FAR FROM BEATEN. THEIR CHIEF RESOURCES COME FROM THEIR VAST STORE OF KNOWLEDGE, GAINED FROM THE RECORDS OF THOUSANDS OF PLANETS, A GALAXY'S HISTORY AT THEIR COMMAND, BUT SOME MIGHT ARGUE THAT HISTORY IS DEAD.

...AND THE THREAT OF THE DALEKS IS A VERY LIVE ONE.



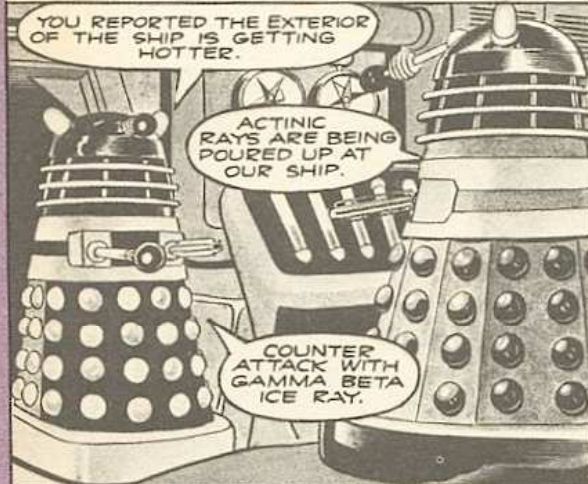
IF NOT, WE STILL HAVE THE IMPULSE SHIELD.



I'LL SPEAK TO THE PEOPLE, SAF. THEY MUST KNOW OF THE DANGER. WE CAN'T HAVE ANY PANIC.



WE ARE THREATENED BY AN ENEMY IN THE SKY ABOVE US. GO ABOUT NORMALLY. DO NOT PANIC.



ACTINIC RAYS ARE BEING POURED UP AT OUR SHIP.

COUNTER ATTACK WITH GAMMA BETA ICE RAY.



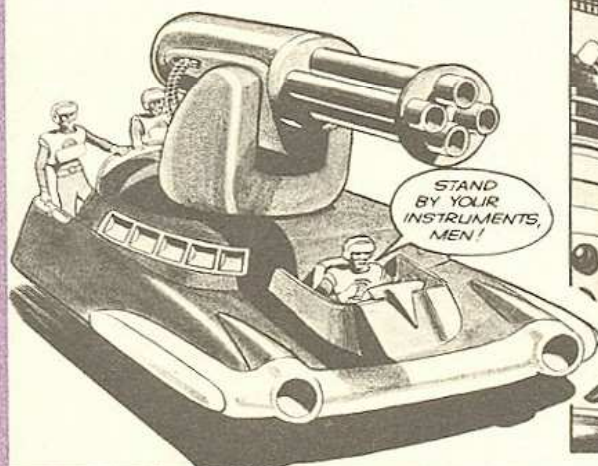
NO. BUT THEY'VE WRECKED OUR DEFENCES. WE CAN'T STOP THEM LANDING NOW.



THE DALEK SHIP HOVERS CLOSER TO THE GROUND. SOON IT WILL LAND. SOON THE DALEKS WILL POUR OUT AND BEGIN SUBJUGATING THE NOW DEFENCELESS PLANET. IT SHOULD NOT BE TOO DIFFICULT...

... FOR THE ORDINARY CITIZENS OF PHRYNE, DESPITE THEIR YEARS OF LEARNING, HAVE NEVER SEEN AN INVADER. THOUGH THEY HAVE STUDIED COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF ANCIENT WARS AND FOUND THEM WITHOUT EXCEPTION BOTH FOOLISH AND FUTILE, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THEY HAVE TASTED BATTLE FIRST HAND...

...AND THEIR REACTION IS TO RUN!

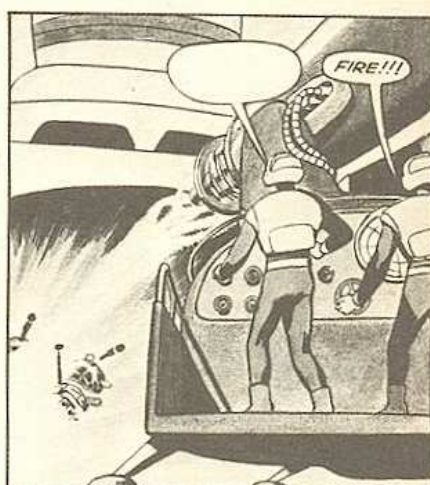


STAND BY YOUR INSTRUMENTS, MEN!



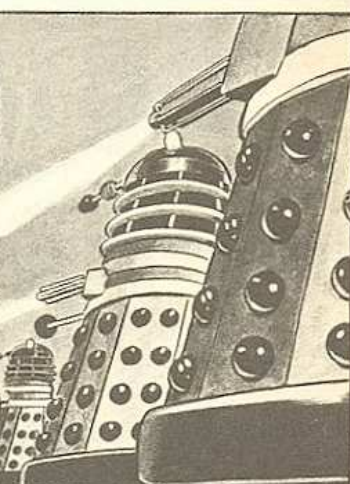
FIX ON TARGET! FIRE WHEN READY!

MAXIMUM POWER IN TWO SECONDS, SIR.



OUR ATREVOLVER'S DESTROYED THEM, CONTROLLER!

YES, BUT LOOK AT THAT STREAM OF LIQUID. WHAT IS IT?



THOSE MEN! NOT A CHANCE...

I'LL GET AN ANTREVOLVER UP HERE, CONTROLLER. WE CAN SMASH THAT SPACE SHIP FROM ABOVE!



YOU RULE THESE PEOPLE! ORDER THEIR SURRENDER OR YOU WILL DIE NOW!

THE CONTROLLER IS TRAPPED. ALL THE WONDROUS KNOWLEDGE THAT IS HIS CANNOT SAVE HIM FROM THE DALEK DEATH RAY.

UNDER THE OVERHANG, SAF LISTENS...

...AND AS HE LISTENS, HE KNOWS WHAT HE MUST DO. HE KNOWS HIS PEOPLE MUST RE-LEARN HOW TO FIGHT AND DIE IN DEFENCE OF THEIR WORLD. AND FROM THE SIMPLE DIGNITY AND COURAGE OF THE CONTROLLER HE DRAWS STRENGTH... THE STRENGTH HE KNOWS HE MUST HAVE IF HE IS TO LEAD HIS PEOPLE...

...AND DRIVE THE DALEKS FROM PHRYNE.

IF WE DON'T DIE, WE'LL FIGHT. WHEN WE CAN'T FIGHT, WE'LL HIDE... BUILD NEW WEAPONS AND FIGHT AGAIN. THAT IS OUR DUTY.

HOPE SAF HEARD ME.

THE DALEKS WANT YOUR KNOWLEDGE. THE SECRET OF YOUR INVISIBLE SHIELD... ALL OTHER INVENTIONS.

GIVE US YOUR SECRETS OR YOU WILL DIE.

IF WE DIE, YOU'LL NEVER LEARN OUR SECRETS.

YOU PEOPLE, WE MUST HIDE IN THE MOUNTAINS. FOLLOW ME!

LOOK AT THAT BUILDING. IT IS FULL OF YOUR PEOPLE.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THEM?

WATCH!

YOU CAN'T DESTROY THEM.

WE ARE THE DALEKS. YOU WILL OBEY US!

NOW YOU WILL TELL US YOUR SECRETS.

YOU FOOLS! WE GUARD THE SECRETS AND HISTORIES OF A HUNDRED PLANETS.

WHERE ARE THEY HIDDEN? SPEAK!

IN OUR BRAINS— NOTHING IS WRITTEN... NOTHING RECORDED. WE LEARN AND REMEMBER EVERYTHING. KILL US... AND YOU DESTROY THE YESTERDAY OF A WHOLE GALAXY.

THEN WE WILL TORTURE YOU UNTIL YOU SPEAK.

IT HURLED HIM OVER THE EDGE!

YESTERDAY IS DEAD — WE MUST BUILD FOR TOMORROW!

HURRY, SAF! IT'S A LONG WAY UNDERGROUND TO THE MOUNTAINS.

NO. THE CONTROLLER JUMPED. HE'D RATHER DIE THAN OPEN HIS BRAIN TO THEM.

AND SO ANOTHER DALEK MISSION ENDS IN DEATH AND DESTRUCTION. FOR THE PHRYNES, THEY AT LEAST HAVE FOUND THE SPIRIT THEY WILL NEED TO SURVIVE. FOR THE DALEKS, IN THEIR EVER-ESCALATING WAR AGAINST THE REST OF THE UNIVERSE... WHO KNOWS?

WILL THERE **EVER** BE AN END?

The Calorian Stone

Deep in the jungles of South America stand the ruins of the Temple of Calor. They are many thousands of years old. In recent excavations Professor Traven claims he unearthed the stone tablet shown below. He offered to sell it to the British Museum for one hundred thousand pounds. Baffled by the hieroglyphics, the experts called in Mark Seven. He quickly found a way to translate the message and pronounced that the Calorian Stone was a fake. Can you convert the symbols into a readable message? And how could Mark Seven be certain it was a fake?

Check your answers on page 76

1- 2- 3- 4- 5- 6- 7- 8- 9- 10-
 11- 12- 13- 14- 15- 16- 17- 18- 19- 20-
 21- 22- 23- 24- 25- 26- 27- 28- 29- 30-
 31- 32- 33- 34- 35- 36- 37- 38- 39- 40-
 41- 42- 43- 44- 45- 46- 47- 48- 49- 50-
 51- 52- 53- 54- 55- 56- 57- 58- 59- 60-
 61- 62- 63- 64- 65- 66- 67- 68- 69- 70-
 71- 72- 73- 74- 75- 76- 77- 78- 79- 80-
 81- 82- 83- 84- 85- 86- 87- 88- 89- 90-
 91- 92- 93- 94- 95- 96- 97- 98- 99- 100-

9 / ct

כ' / בא ו-ט ונכוונ ווו - מ-מ נאג
ו ומוכונו כצא-וו אום ארא אור-כאל
כ' כרא ווא-ט ודאכא א-מ-ח
ו וקוראבוו וכ / מאי ווב וו דרב
ו בלאמוו / ווס קר-ט-ל וו
ו ופאבויס ח ווו רוו / בויס
ו / ווב אמו בויס - לוב ארוויכוונ

ANSWERS

T.A.P. TRAVEL SECRET

A friend secretly selects one of the destinations marked on the star chart. Silently he spells off one letter of the name each time you tap your pencil. He shouts 'Stop' as you tap the last letter. The part of the Galaxy your pencil is touching will be the destination he selected. The secret is that you always make your first tap on ANDROMEDA, your second on CRAB NEBULA. From then on you simply follow the straight lines, tapping each time you reach one of the places in the Galaxy.

Let us suppose he secretly selects SKARO. You tap once on ANDROMEDA, silently he spells off the letter 'S'. You tap CRAB NEBULA, he spells off 'K'. Follow the line down to SUN and tap. He spells off 'A'. Now the line leads to MOON, and he spells off 'R' as you tap. You track the line up to SKARO and as you tap he spells off 'O' and at the same time shouts 'Stop!' You have taken him to the destination he secretly chose!

IDENTIFICATION PARADE

Numbers 5 & 6 are Kratons. Number 7 is a Radex. Number 6, whose answer the Dalek did not hear must have said, "I am a Kraton". If he was a Radex he would lie and say he was a Kraton. If he was a Kraton he would tell the truth and say, "I am a Kraton". So, the Dalek can be sure that number 5 is telling the truth when he says, "Number 6 says he is a Kraton". Therefore the whole of his statement is true which means that number 5 is a Kraton too. This naturally makes number 7's statement untrue and proves that he is a Radex.

TIMEPASSERS

Bookworm: The worm travelled only a quarter of an inch. The first page of volume one is next to the last page of volume two with only two eighths of an inch thick covers between. And the word most frequently pronounced wrongly is ... 'wrongly'.

The spark of life: The first thing he would light would be the match.

The seven grenades: The officer gave the last soldier his grenade still in the bag.

Top of the world: If you are exactly on top of the South Pole, no matter which way you look, you will be facing North. What's wrong with the picture? There are no polar bears at the South Pole.

Highrise: Going down, Peter presses the bottom button in the elevator. Going up, he is not tall enough to reach the top button. At full stretch he can only reach the button for the sixth floor: hence his long climb.

Tricktrack: A. A peg-legged man pushing a wheelbarrow.

- B. A child on a scooter.
C. Two children practising for a three-legged race.

STARTRACK

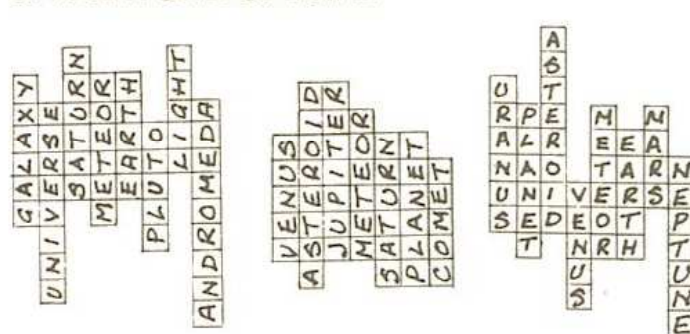
Follow the numbers 8, 9, 15, 1, 19, 25, 15, 2, 24, 12, 20, 25, 25, 6, 15, 5, 15, 17, 24, 10, 17, 17, 15, 6, 1, 15, 17.

And the secret message: "The Daleks will never surrender".

SCIENCE FICTION

1) William Hartnell, Patrick Troughton, Jon Pertwee, Tom Baker, 2) The Frankenstein Monster, 3) The Nautilus; Captain Nemo, 4) *Tarantula*, 5) Claude Rains, 6) Icarus, 7) *Fantastic Voyage*, 8) 1963/4, 9) *Village of the Damned*, 10) They were all created as heroes of strip cartoons, 11) Mars, 12) Georges Méliès' *A Trip To The Moon* (1902), 13) Charlton Heston, 14) Boris Karloff, 15) Gorilla, 16) The egg of Tyrannosaurus Rex, 17) *Forbidden Planet*, *Destination Moon*, 2001—*A Space Odyssey*, *Star Trek*, 18) It is the temperature at which paper ignites. In the film, books were illegal and were burnt, 19) Jules Verne, H. G. Wells, 20) *Star Trek*.

SPACEWORD SPECIAL



SURVIVAL

Shaw took with him only the oxygen and the coil of rope. In zero gravity conditions the two ton weight would be reduced to virtually nothing. The rope might come in handy to keep him tethered to the surface if he had to make any jumps over canyons or crevices. For the rest, the food concentrates and the water were useless as he was sealed into his survival suit. The same is true for the first aid kit. The matches and the gas stove would not work in the oxygen free atmosphere. There was nothing growing on the planet, therefore he would have no use for the hammer, nails, axe and saw. A magnetic compass only works on earth. He was on the sunlit side of the planet therefore he did not need the flashlight. The tent was useless as he already had the protection of his survival suit. On a waterless planet a self-inflating dinghy is not much good, nor is a pistol needed where there is no life form to cause danger.

One more test. The moment you have finished reading this sentence close the book and list all the survival items you can remember!

APTITUDE TESTS: TEST 3

Counting from the top of the columns. Column One: 3rd & 5th are twinned. Column Two: 1 & 2 are twinned. Column Three: 3rd & 5th are twinned. Column Four: 4th & 7th are twinned.

Did you spot the deliberate mistake? In the introduction to the test it said, 'Below are four columns of seven shapes'. Column Three only contains six shapes.

APTITUDE TESTS: TEST 4

1. None; 2. Ten; 3. Twenty-four; 4. Horizontal third from top; 5. Horizontal second from bottom; 6. Horizontals 1st, 2nd and 4th from top; 7. Top left hand corner (98) to bottom right hand corner (97); 8. 914.

The Greatest Computer of all



It is probable that the Government of the United States of America has, through its various agencies, a greater computer capacity than any other country on Earth. These vast electronic machine geniuses if brought together would need to be housed in massive buildings covering acres of ground. However, despite their efficiency and size they cannot begin to compete with the much tinier unit that is the 'Greatest Computer of All'.

It is not much to look at, being only the size of a small coconut. Outside of its housing it weighs only about three pounds.

But in this small space are contained something like ten million cells. A brilliant piece of miniaturisation with multi-function capacity and able to comprehend data from many sources. Far and away more flexible than any other computer, it functions on minimal electrical energy: somewhere between five and fifty millionths of a volt. Throughout its usable life span it is never 'switched off' and continues to operate even when it appears to be out of use. No other instrument, however large, can match its versatility. With its thousands of millions of circuits it can process information for instant or future use. It is able to receive data via a number of inputs. It can be activated by sound or visual impulses. It will respond to and analyse touch, taste and smell. It is able to learn and then relate its learning to many other apparently diverse pieces of information already stored in the memory cells. It governs a speaking mechanism through which it can communicate with others of its own kind. It controls its container and is able to make it move freely. It can reason and make judgements and, something that no other computer can do, it can act intuitively on subjects on which it does not have full and clear information. Unique in that it is subject to emotions: hate; fear; love; ecstasy. Unique too in that its intelligence provided the knowledge and technique to build all the other computers.

Do you recognise the Greatest Computer of All?

It is, of course, the Human Brain.



HIDDEN SPACE NAMES

- 1) Saturn (*Elsa turned*), 2) Comet (*come to*), 3) Venus (*eleven used*), 4) Planet (*Steepstep lane then*), 5) Neptune (*inept unemployable*), 6) Earth (*fear the*), 7) Andromeda (*and Rome daily*), 8) Mars (*Birmingham arsenal*), 9) Mercury (*former cur yapped*), 10) Pluto (*keep Luton*).

THE CALORIAN STONE

Using tracing paper Mark Seven made a copy of the hieroglyphics on the lower half of the stone. Then, turning the paper so the bottom became the top he carefully placed it over the symbols on the top of the stone, making complete letters of the shapes. The message read "We the Daleks the supreme masters of the universe designed and built this monument to mark the place of our first landing on the planet Earth and

our victory over its people in the year 4317 BC." He instantly knew it was a fake because no genuine artifact of that date could carry the letters 'BC'.

SCIENCE FACT

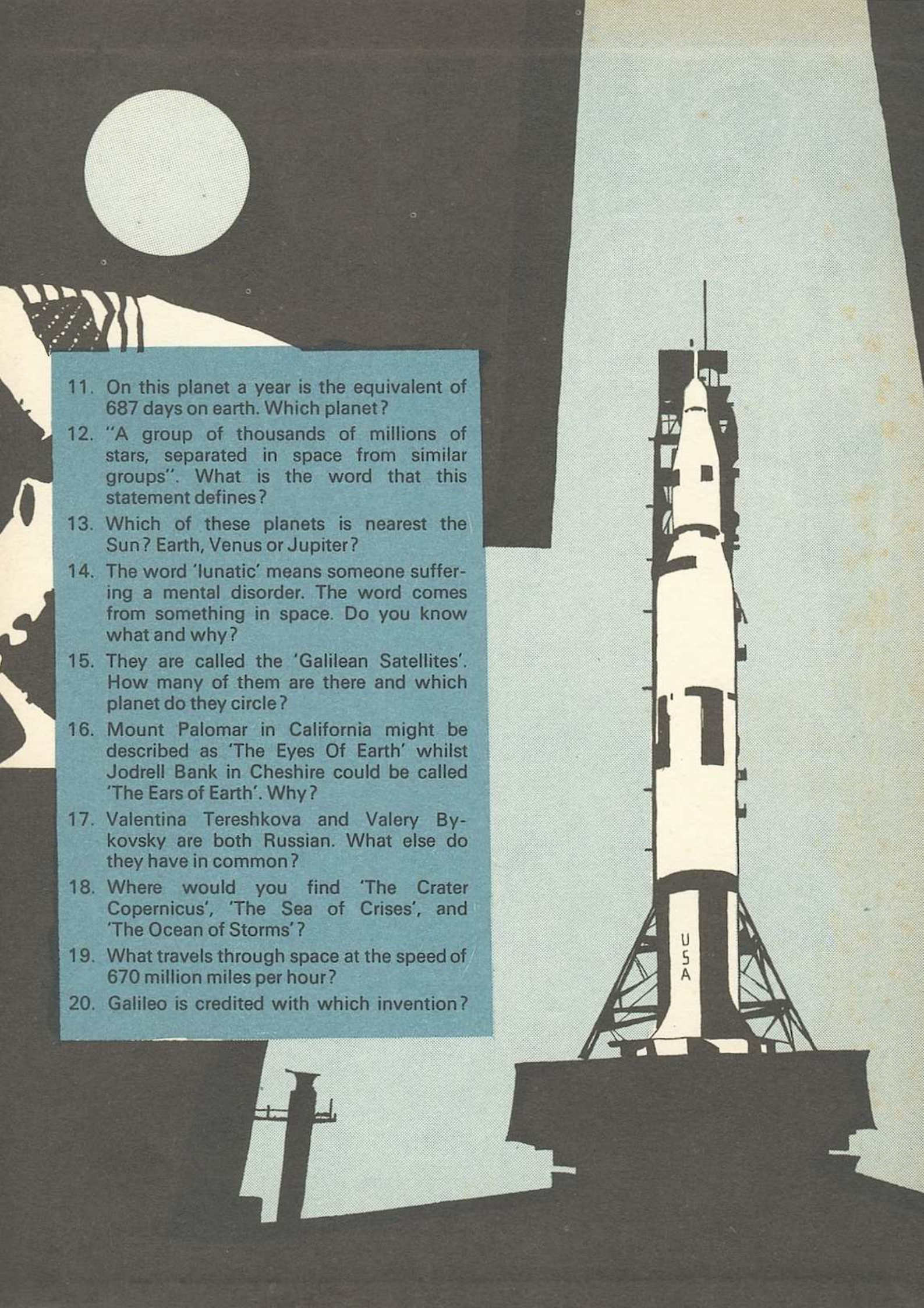
- 1) Yuri Gagarin, Russian, in Vostok 1 on April 12th 1961, 2) Pluto, 3) The Van Allen Belts. (After their discoverer James Van Allen), 4) Mars, 5) Russia launched Sputnik 1, the first successful satellite, 6) Uranus, 7) A Russian dog called Laika. (She died in orbit within a week), 8) Telstar 1, 9) Saturn, 10) The first American to go into space, 11) Mars, 12) Galaxy, 13) Venus (67,000,000 miles), 14) Literally 'Moon madness'. One who is 'Moonstruck'. From the Latin 'Luna' - the Moon goddess, 15) Four. Jupiter, 16) Mount Palomar houses a giant optical telescope. The world's largest steerable radio telescope is located at Jodrell Bank, 17) They were the first two Russian women to travel in space, 18) The Moon, 19) Light, 20) The telescope.

Science Fiction-Science Fact

What do you know most about? *Science Fact* or *Science Fiction*? Here are two quizzes to find out. First try the Fact questions, scoring one point for each correct answer. Then try the Fiction questions, again scoring one point for every one you get right. When you have the two totals you'll know your specialist subject.

1. What was the name and nationality of the first man to travel in space?
2. This planet is 3,700,000,000 miles from the Sun. Name it.
3. 2,000 miles above the earth are enormous areas of radiation. What are they called?
4. Which heavenly body is sometimes called 'The Red Planet'?
5. October 4th 1957 is a very significant day in the history of space. What happened on that day?
6. Miranda, Ariel, Umbriel, Titania and Oberon are all natural satellites of which planet?
7. Name the first living creature to travel in space.
8. It was the first instantaneous relay communications satellite and could handle almost 1,000 simultaneous telephone conversations. What was it called?
9. Which planet appears to be circled by rings?
10. On the 5th of May 1961, Alan B. Shepard had the distinction of becoming what?



- 
11. On this planet a year is the equivalent of 687 days on earth. Which planet?
 12. "A group of thousands of millions of stars, separated in space from similar groups". What is the word that this statement defines?
 13. Which of these planets is nearest the Sun? Earth, Venus or Jupiter?
 14. The word 'lunatic' means someone suffering a mental disorder. The word comes from something in space. Do you know what and why?
 15. They are called the 'Galilean Satellites'. How many of them are there and which planet do they circle?
 16. Mount Palomar in California might be described as 'The Eyes Of Earth' whilst Jodrell Bank in Cheshire could be called 'The Ears of Earth'. Why?
 17. Valentina Tereshkova and Valery Bykovsky are both Russian. What else do they have in common?
 18. Where would you find 'The Crater Copernicus', 'The Sea of Crises', and 'The Ocean of Storms'?
 19. What travels through space at the speed of 670 million miles per hour?
 20. Galileo is credited with which invention?

TERRY NATION'S

DALEK

ANNUAL 1977



Authorised edition
as seen on

BBC tv